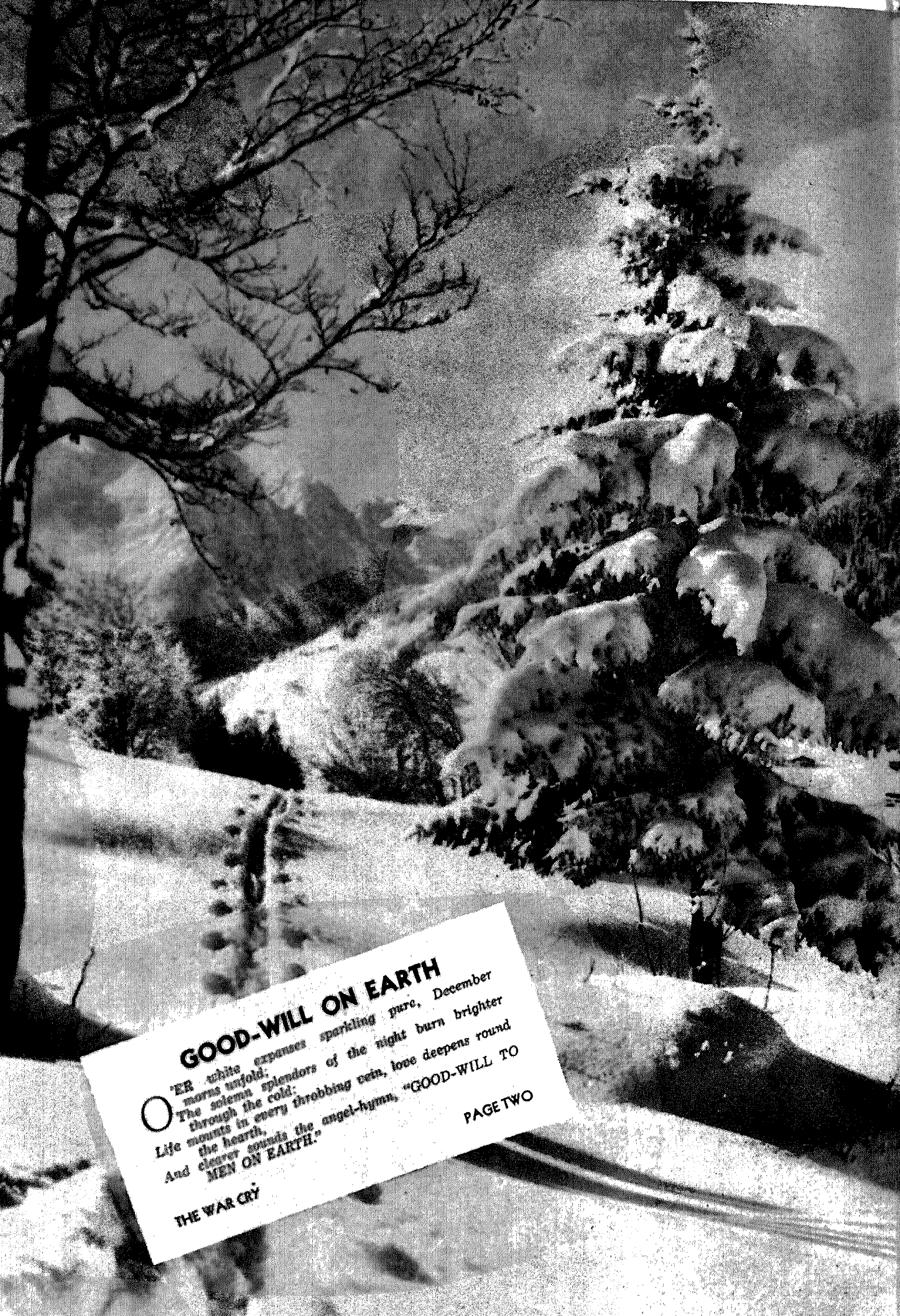


# The WAR CRY

Christmas  
1946



NO. 3239 SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1946



## GOOD-WILL ON EARTH

O'er white expanses sparkling pure, December  
morns unfold;  
The solemn splendors of the night burn brighter  
through the cold;  
Life mounts in every throbbing vein, love deepens round  
the hearth,  
And clearer sounds the angel-hymn, "GOOD-WILL TO  
MEN ON EARTH."

THE WAR CRY

PAGETWO



The

# Gift Unspeakable

A SEASONABLE MESSAGE

By

Commissioner Benjamin Orames



N the ninth chapter of Paul's Second Epistle to the Corinthians there is set forth the duties of Christ's followers towards the Christian Church and the poor, concluding on a high note of gratitude: "THANKS BE UNTO GOD FOR HIS UNSPEAKABLE GIFT."

This grand song of praise is the final link in the chain of references to the grace of giving, and has been interpreted in two ways: either as a direct reference to Jesus, the Gift of God, or as that indefinable quality in the hearts of men and women which compels them to pour out material gifts for Christ's cause. In either case the gift is so overwhelming that the inspired writer uses the word "unspeakable," meaning, of course, incapable of being spoken or described.

Whichever way the text is viewed, it suggests an abundant pouring out from the heart of God the Father, and is it not indeed true



Painting by Raphael

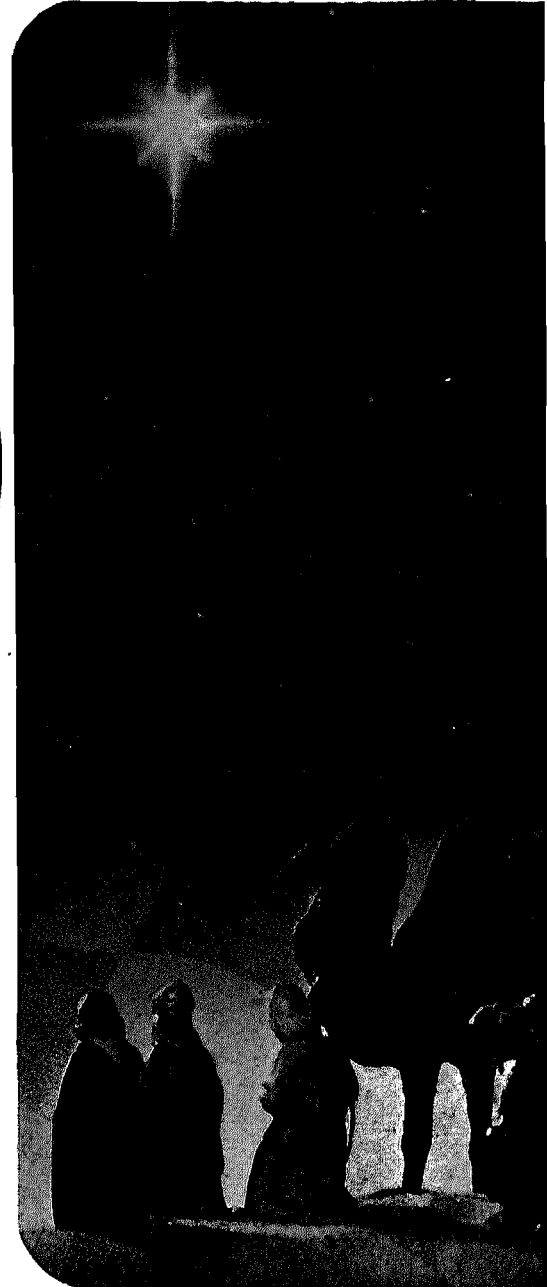
that "every good gift, and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of Lights"?

As we turn our eyes from the varied and glorious gifts of God as seen in the blue skies and the green forests, the floral wealth of garden and glade and the corn and fruit so bountifully bestowed upon mankind, do we not at Christmas-time think more particularly of that one great Gift—the gift of Jesus?

Like some lofty mountain-peak the Event of the Nativity stands out to-day in all its beauty and sublimity. Even had not the angels on that first Christmas morning filled the skies with their praise-filled song of "Glory to God in the Highest," many living in the vicinity of Bethlehem doubtless would have sought out the Child born of the lowly stranger-woman, Mary. The shepherds, guarding their flocks by night on the hills of Galilee, would be startled by the sudden brightness of the sky and the angels' unusual message, and immediately would have made enquiries as to the meaning of this phenomenon.

#### In Line of Succession

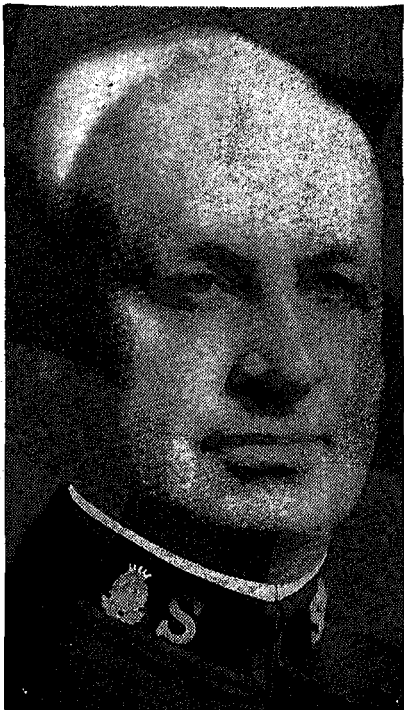
Although the Scripture account specifically does not say so, it is quite likely that these ignorant shepherds, out of their poverty would bring their trifling gifts for the Baby; and this would not have been altogether unfitting, for was



not the Child in the line of succession from King David who, in his youth was a shepherd boy?

These herders of sheep were in turn followed by the Wise Men from the East, riding on camels. They probably forded the Tigris and Euphrates, crossed the Great Desert, skirted the Dead Sea, and finally arrived at Bethlehem. They travelled far to worship a King, but found a Baby wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

(Continued on page 26)



COMMISSIONER B. ORAMES

# CONTENTS

"FINDING STARS," by General Albert Orsborn.....	5
THE GIFT UNSPEAKABLE, by Commissioner B. Orames...	3
CHRISTMAS—THE PERFECT DAY, by Colonel A. Layman...	25
HOW THE ARMY FOUNDER SPENT CHRISTMAS.....	6
HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING, by Envoy H. F. Milsam, O.F. ....	18
WHITE CHRISTMAS, by Archibald Rutledge.....	23
A CHILD SHALL LEAD, by Angel Lane.....	14
EBENEZER SCROOGE, 1843-1943, by John Ross Stirrett.....	11
HOW WOULD CHRIST KEEP CHRISTMAS? by Albert L. Lawton .....	10
THE TALKING BOOK, by E. C. B. ....	12
CHRISTMASTIDE IN INDIA, by Major J. Pittam.....	27
CAN GOD BREAK THE DRUNKARD'S CHAINS?.....	28
CLOCKS AND BELLS .....	9
CAROL CURIOUSITIES .....	31
<b><u>FULL PAGE PLATES:</u></b>	
SOUND THE PROCLAMATION .....	16-17
THE CHILDREN'S CHRIST .....	8
"I LOVE THEE, LORD JESUS".....	21
SERVING ALL AGES (Social Service Activities) .....	29
SING FOR CHRISTMAS MORN (Music) .....	21

## THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland and Bermuda. William Booth, Founder; Albert W. T. Orsborn, General; Chas. H. Baugh, Territorial Commander. International Headquarters, Queen Victoria Street, London; Territorial Headquarters, James and Albert Streets, Toronto 1.

Printed for The Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland and Bermuda by The Salvation Army Printing House, 29 Albert Street, Toronto 1, Canada.

Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.

All editorial communications should be addressed to the Editor. Inquiries regarding shipments and subscriptions should be addressed to the Printing Secretary.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES:** A copy of The War Cry, including the special Easter and Christmas issues, will be mailed each week for one year to any address in Canada for \$2.50 prepaid.

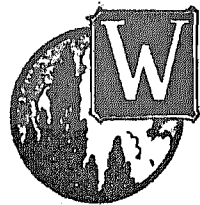
No. 525, Price Ten Cents.

SATURDAY, DEC. 21, 1936

*Finding Stars*

A Christmas Message from The Army's  
New International Leader

## GENERAL ALBERT ORSBORN



**W**HAT do you know of stars? I remember in my callow youth how I looked and listened with silent admiration and complete perplexity to a dear man who used learnedly to lecture upon the stars in their courses.

As he roamed pleasantly amid the astral glories, calling the stars by name, and seeming almost to pat

them on the back in passing, I marvelled greatly, yet had no stirring ambition to be like him.

I have never wanted to muster the stars in my head, and I feel a little lost when Professor Jeans tells me: "The total number of stars in the universe is probably something like the total number of grains of sand on all the sea-shores of the world—they travel through a universe so spacious that it is an event of almost unimaginable rarity for a star to come anywhere near another star."

As a boy, I was terribly frightened by the news that somebody's very own comet was travelling toward the earth, and might in certain unhappy eventualities, knock our planet spinning with a touch of its fiery tail! I conjured up nameless fears, and more than once looked out into the brooding blackness of the night to watch for any sign of the unwelcome visitant.

**A**S the years have lengthened, I have not come to any degree of personal familiarity with the stars. They are still, for me, remote, and in their vast spaces my imagination falters. Yet their orderliness, the absolute perfection of their progression, the unquestion-

able beauty of their myriad points of light, the poetry of their rhythmic harmony with all created things tune in with my own spirit. I do not need to understand what learned men know about the stars; I only need to look at them and love them. I know the stars and they know me. We belong to the same Father, were fashioned by the same hand. The Psalmist says: "He telleth the number of the stars, He healeth the broken in heart and bindeth up their wounds," thus one has



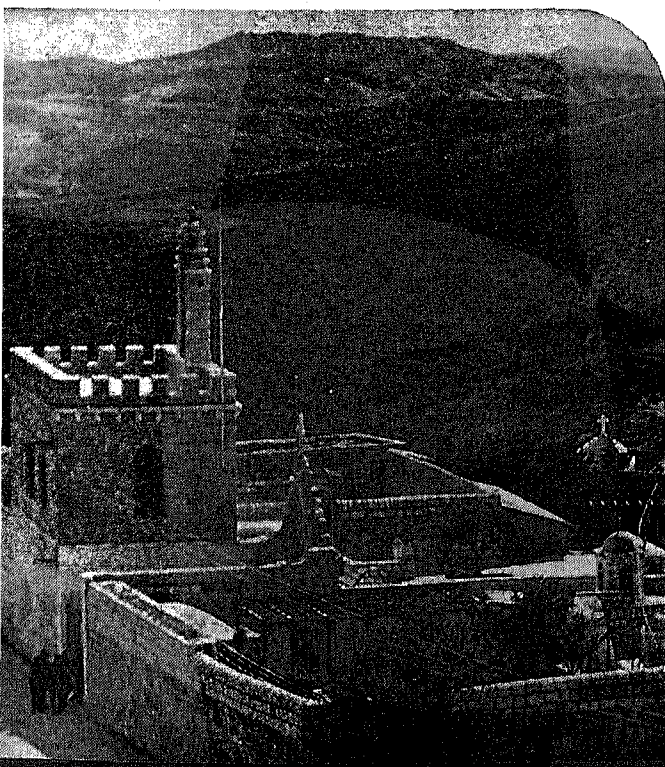
The Army's Sixth International Leader—General Albert W. T. Orsborn, who assumed office last June, following his election by the High Council at Sunbury Court, England

pointed out there is a connection between "Star counting and heart healing":

*Through his great tube the astronomer to-night  
Is watching suns so distant from the earth,  
The rays that reach his eye began their flight  
Before our hankering species came to birth.  
Infinity's all around, above, below,  
O why then lie awake and suffer so?*

**I**N the universe of the spirit, in the sky of the soul, one is quite sure of the "Guiding Stars," fixed points of light, never failing, always shining, though maybe at times hidden by cloud, yet coming into view again; God's lamps, without which ours would indeed be a journey by night.

Christ is Himself the fairest Star of all, "The Eternal Light which loves and (Continued on page 28)



The Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, showing a portion of the surrounding country

# How The Army Founder Spent

**I**N December, 1855, six months after their marriage, William Booth and his wife arrived in Leeds. There the young revivalist's "popularity was embarrassing, his success as a revivalist amazing and all the accounts of that time show him as a fiery preacher not only able to pack large buildings with a breathless audience . . . but able permanently to change the lives of sinful men."

"My precious William excelled himself and electrified the people," writes Mrs. Booth to her parents. The work did not cease through the Christmas season. The Army Founder-to-be spent his first Christmas as a married man more or less in the pulpit.

As might be imagined, these two young people, gifted, and fired with religious conviction and fervor, thereafter spent many Christmases conducting revival campaigns. In December, 1862, they were at St. Ives, where the revival services were attended by remarkable results. December, 1883, found them in Birmingham, conducting an equally successful series of meetings.

On Christmas Day, 1865, the East London Mission received a new and welcome reinforcement in the birth of Evangeline, Mr. and Mrs. Booth's fourth daughter and seventh child.

## A Family Festival

The first and last Christmas Day the Booth family spent in private together is thus described:

"It was determined that the children should have a thoroughly old-fashioned Christmas, and for a week beforehand every preparation was made for a great family festival. . .



# HRISTMAS

But when William Booth returned from his preaching in Whitechapel on Christmas morning, he was pale and haggard. He did his best to enter into the children's fun and

frolic, but it was no use; he kept relapsing into silence and gloom. He looked dreadfully white and drawn. Suddenly he burst out:

"I'll never have a Christmas Day

As a young man William Booth's compassion was aroused by the sight of an aged beggar woman sleeping in a doorway. With a like-minded companion he undertook to raise funds to furnish a small cabin to make the poor creature comfortable. Thus was brought about his first experiment in Social Service Work. Later, as General of The Salvation Army, he wrote "Darkest England and the Way Out," following which a great program of social amelioration was inaugurated, and extended to other parts of the world



again like this! No, never again!"

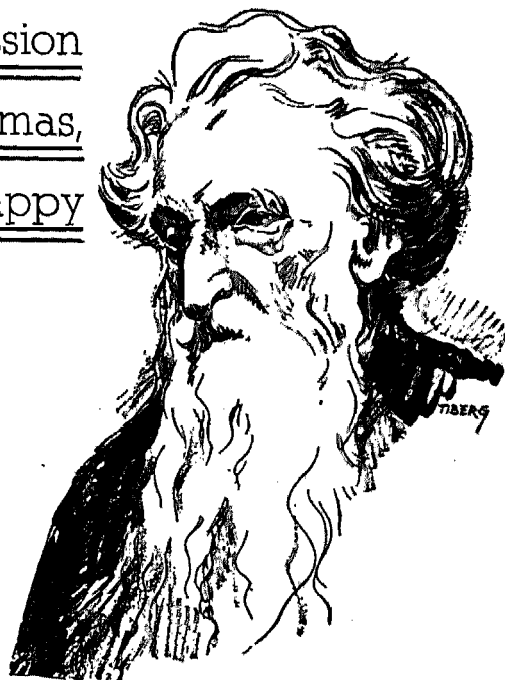
"Getting on his feet and walking up and down the room like a caged lion, he told us of the sights he had seen that morning in Whitechapel, indignantly saying, 'The poor have nothing but the public-house—nothing but the public-house!' He saw the poverty, the misery, the disease, and the godlessness behind the drinking. That Christmas Day was the last the Booth family ever spent together. On the following Christmas day they were scattered in the slums distributing plum puddings."

**I**T was while William Booth was preparing his annual appeal for Christmas, 1877, that a change took place which was to have far-reach-

Through storm and sunshine, riots and public acclamation, God led The Army Founder on to final victory



# William Booth's All-consuming Passion Was To Make Men Happy at Christmas, Happy After Christmas and Happy Through All Eternity • • •



ing effects. Mr. Booth was pacing the room discussing the various particulars. Seated at the table were his two indefatigable aides-de-camp—his son, Mr. Bramwell, and Mr. Railton.

"What is the Christian Mission?" was a question propounded by the circular in course of preparation. To this was proposed the reply, "A Volunteer Army."

Pausing for a moment, and leaning over the shoulder of his secretary, the General picked up a pen, passed it through the word "Volunteer," and wrote above it "Salvation." So the very name of The Army is a Christmas gift to the world.

On Christmas Day, 1892, the second year after his wife's death,

on December 21, William Booth drove over to Hawarden Castle from Keighley to see the great statesman Mr. William Ewart Gladstone. These two men, on some matters so diverse in opinion, yet so strangely alike in fervor and in feature, spoke together for some time. William Booth was very much impressed by Gladstone's geniality, by his perfect understanding, and by his earnestness. "He put his heart into my business," he wrote, "and that right away, going straight to the very vitals of the subject, as phase after phase of it passed before him."

On the last day of the Old Year (in 1890), and at the threshold of a new century, he wrote: "So the Old Year goes out, or rather the century. Have no time or heart to philosophize or sentimentalize on the event. Must turn my attention to getting some truths—facts, arguments, appeals—that will influence the thousands I shall have to talk to at 10.30."

Instead, however, of leading the Watch-Night Service at Leeds, as he had hoped, the Founder was in bed with fever and pain, he having caught a severe chill.

During the Christmas season of the following year (1901), he addressed three meetings in the New Cross Empire, London. In the morning gathering he said: "I wish you a very happy Christmas, and I want to show you how to be happy at Christmas, happy after Christmas, and happy through all Eternity." Seventy seekers knelt at the Mercy-Seat on this occasion, but his ardent soul was dissatisfied even with this result, for he writes: "The proximity of Christmas may have something to do with slackness in the crowds, and the holding back from the Mercy-Seat; indeed, some of the sinners frankly avowed that they were in for a 'Happy Christmas.' Being converted, they thought, would interfere with that."

Christmas, 1902, found the Founder in the midst of an arduous campaign in the United States, but he sent a characteristic letter "To the  
(Continued on page 30)

## At Christmas—and all the Year round

*Do all the Good you  
can, to all the souls you  
can, in all the places you  
can, at all the times  
you can, and tell what  
what God does by you to  
all the people you can,  
but be sure and give  
him all the glory  
of all you do.*

*William Booth*

the Founder wrote: "All (his son, the Chief of the Staff, and family) coming in to dine at five and spend the evening. I would rather be alone, but I think that she would like me to have them together. We have been wonderfully together as a family for many, many years—only one or two absent on Christmas Day—and now we are very much scattered."

Four days before Christmas, 1896,

From one man  
The Salvation  
Army became a  
mighty league of  
nations demon-  
strating that the  
peoples of differ-  
ent countries  
could work to-  
gether in the  
spirit of the An-  
gel's message:  
"On earth peace,  
good will toward  
men"





The Christ of Christmas is also the Children's Saviour



# CLOCKS *and* BELLS



## Famous Announcers of Time on Both Sides of the Atlantic

**B**ELLS, small and large, have been used for many purposes, but none more joyous than that which commemorates Christ's natal day.

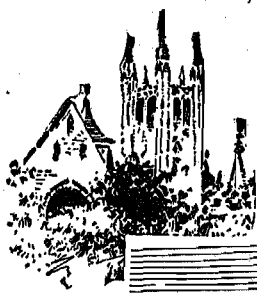
There are also a great many bells in the world, many of which have exceedingly interesting histories, and, of course, many of these are associated with famous clocks.

The King and Queen not long ago lent for a historical display in an Empire Exhibition in Glasgow a unique clock, which was the wedding gift from the citizens of Glasgow to their Majesties in 1923.

The clock was made in 1804 by a clockmaker in Pittenweem, and is regarded as one of the most remarkable ever produced in Britain. There is a carillon of sixteen bells, and from beneath one of its three dials comes a Royal procession and a troop of Horse Guards. But the mechanism of the clock is so geared that there is no march or procession on Sundays, in keeping with the tradition of the old Scottish Sabbath.

### Imagination-stirring Customs

In olden times watchmen rang their bells and called the time of day. In some parts of England the town crier, dressed in picturesque costume, still announces important events. Charles Dickens saw these men, and no doubt his keen imagination was stirred as he wrote the annals of the poor and how Christmas and other periodical festivals were announced and kept. Whether watchmen with their bells were employed to do duty for clocks in the earliest days in Canada is not clear, as some old



customs do not seem to have crossed the water, but there are certainly many fine old clocks and attendant bells. In To-



A watchman in  
old - time cos-  
tume follows  
out an ancient  
custom in fog-  
shrouded Lon-  
don



ronto some of the city's public timepieces have ticked off nearly a century.

### Seen Far Out on the Lake

One of these surmounts the, St. Lawrence Market and recently celebrated its ninety-fifth birthday. It was wound by hand for fifty years. The Cambridge chimes in the clock tower of St. James' Cathedral nearby first rang out on Christmas Eve, 1875, and sound every quarter hour a series of notes believed to have been written by Handel. St. James' clock, the oldest in Toronto, stands 144 feet above the ground with an illuminated four-sided face which can be seen for miles on Lake Ontario.

### Clockwork Devices

One of the most impressive clocks in London is viewed by thousands of visitors to the museum in which it is exhibited. At a certain hour each day figures of the twelve disciples pass before a representation of Christ seated upon a throne. The disciples bow, but as the last one, Judas, passes, the throne swings round revealing Christ on the cross. There are a great variety of early-day clocks in

the older countries, working mechanical devices, one of the most famous of these being that over a store in Cheapside, London, whereby two figures, Gog and Magog, strike a bell at the divisions of the hour.

Big Ben, the well-known bell of the giant clock in Westminster, is heard by radio listeners around the world, and former Londoners hear the deep-toned notes with joy. The beautiful carillon in the tall clock tower at Ottawa, at certain seasons, is also heard far and wide over the ether.

There is a woman, a Mrs. A. S. C. Forbes, of California, who has devoted her life to making reproductions of bells, some of which weigh as much as 250 pounds, and as little as five ounces. Her products have gone into distant parts of the world, and people in many lands are called to worship on Christmas Day by bells which she has designed and tuned.



# HOW WOULD Christ REGARD THE WAY WE KEEP Christmas?



**W**HAT would Christ say about our modern Christmas, were He on earth again to-day, in the flesh? What would He approve, and what condemn?

It cannot be denied that a very large number of the things we do at Christmas have no relation to the Saviour's birthday, or to Christ, or to Christianity in the usual, strict sense. Many customs have sprung up that are more or less of secular origin. For example: Santa Claus is a corruption of the old Dutch St. Nicolaes; the Christmas tree is ancient Teutonic; singing carols originated

sure, of Stevenson's assertion that "if our morals make us dreary, we can be certain they are wrong." Christ would be glad to witness innocent merriment on His day—not drunken revelry, of course, nor reckless wantonness, but harmless pleasures.

Above all, He would smile to see little children happy. He would approve of the giving of gifts, the homecoming gatherings, the Christmas dinners prepared by loving hands.

He would rejoice in Christmas gatherings in places of worship, the lovely music, the Scripture readings

What was that great purpose for which Christ was born? To be the world's Saviour, of course — to save men from their sins. And that is indescribably wonderful, but that is not all.

Christ came to save men's souls, but also for a great deal more. He would be disappointed — I say that reverently, not knowing how else to express it—if men believed in Him for no other reason than just to keep from going to hell. I don't believe Christ has very much respect for a man who gets his own poor soul saved, and is satisfied to stop there. Such a Christian may go to heaven, but he won't be given one of the best seats or wear many stars in his crown.

## The True Significance

Christ came to make a new heaven and a new earth. "Old things have passed away." His purpose was—and is—to bring peace on earth and good will to men. That pronouncement of the angels was not sung in jest; it meant exactly what it said. His purpose was just that: not only to save individual souls, but to cause His redeemed followers to so live and work that the new earth should "start becoming" from that very day, and continue till peace and good will enveloped the whole world. In brief, Jesus came to save the whole world, and not just individuals here and there. And that is the true meaning of Christmas; it was the beginning of the Christ-time, of that age in which sin and hate and selfishness should disappear from the earth.

It is for us, then, to make the world what He wants it to be. We cannot make the world better; but we can practice good will toward men in our own lives; and we can hold up, for all the people of the world to see, Him who, being lifted up, will draw all men into Him. That is our task—to present Christ and His spirit of good will, in our own lives, to all men, every day in the year.

"So shall we learn to understand  
The simple faith of shepherds,  
then;  
And clasping kindly hand in hand,  
Sing Peace on earth, Good  
Will to men."

## A Thought-provoking Question

*Answered by Albert Lynn Lawson*

in England, many years after Christ's birth; the Yule Log and the Christmas feast are old English customs; the giving of gifts goes back into antiquity.

Even those legends which centre around Christ are largely borrowed from older pagan legends. The holly, the reputed "Christ thorn," is supposed, in some European countries, to have supplied the thorns for Jesus' crown; the red berries being the drops of blood which dripped from His brow; but if we go farther back we find this legend, in different form, to be derived from a very ancient source. The custom of placing a light in the window on Christmas Eve was derived from the beautiful old legend that on Christmas Eve the Christ-child wanders over all the earth, to be welcomed or rejected at the doors where He pleads to enter. Those who would invite Him into their homes place the lighted candle in the window to show Him He is welcome.

These legends and pagan customs have no connection at all with the New Testament account of Christ's birth. Some literal-minded people have disapproved of them bitterly for that reason. The Puritans all but killed Christmas on that account. They disapproved of observing Christmas in any manner. In England, while they were in control, they abolished Christmas, Whitsuntide and Easter. There are many, even to-day, who disapprove any but a strictly religious celebration.

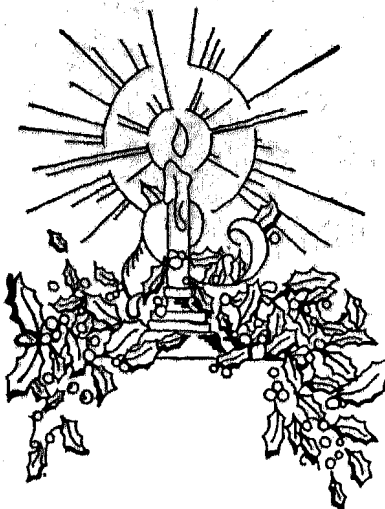
But would Christ look at it that way? We can be sure He would not. He does not wish our religion to make us gloomy. He approves, I'm

about the Nativity.

And we are sure He would bless The Salvation Army and the other kindly agencies which spread feasts for the poor and try to alleviate their lot in His name.

## Much More Than Celebration

But those things, pleasant and worthy though they are, are not all of Christmas; they are not even a very large part of it. Christ's birth meant a great deal more than just a day to celebrate. It meant something of such transcendent importance to the world that all languages combined have not words sufficient to describe it fully. God had framed the whole history of the world, from Eden on, with a view to the birth of Jesus the Saviour that memorable night in Judaea.



# Ebenezer Scrooge: Christmas, 1843-1946

## HIGHLIGHTS OF A WORLD-FAMOUS STORY

**O**NE hundred and three years ago this Christmas, a startling Christmas story by thirty-two-year-old Charles Dickens made its first appearance in London, England. A new and now famous character in English literature known as "Scrooge" was born to life. Here are some of the highlights of the story of Ebenezer Scrooge:

"Oh, but he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone" (says the young author by way of introduction). "Scrooge — a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint from which no steel had ever struck generous fire; secret and self-contained and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his nose, shrivelled his cheek, stiffened his gait, made his eyes red, his thin lips blue, and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head, and on his eyebrows and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him. He iced his office in the dog-days, and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas. Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say with gladsome looks—'My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?'"

The scene opens with Scrooge sitting busy in his counting house about the middle of the afternoon on the day before Christmas.

"A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!" (It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation he had of his approach.)

Scrooge: "Bah! Humbug!"

Nephew: "Christmas, a humbug, uncle! You don't mean that, I am sure?"

Scrooge: "I do. Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? You're poor enough. Merry Christmas! Out upon merry Christmas! (indignantly). If I could work my will, every idiot who goes about with merry Christmas on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should."

Nephew: "Uncle!"

Scrooge (sternly): "Nephew! Keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine."

Nephew: "Keep it! But you don't keep it."

Scrooge: "Let me leave it alone, then."

The next scenes portray, by the stratagem of "ghosts" the vivid spiritual experiences whereby the "covetous old sinner" through the

By  
JOHN  
ROSS  
STIRRETT,

A Canadian  
Barister

It's a mercy he  
didn't shake his  
arm off



trivial incident of gazing at the knocker on his door, gained glimpses of the supernatural world and of his own destined fate. At the end, as suddenly as in the case of the Apostle Paul, he became transformed in character and a new man.

Scrooge (as down upon the ground he fell, before the accusing spectral figure): "Good spirit, your nature intercedes for me. Assure me that I yet may change these shadows you have shown me by an altered life. I will honor Christmas in my heart and try to keep it all the year."

The last scene shows the joy of the convert.

Scrooge (coming to himself): "I don't know what day of the month it is! I don't know how long I've been among the spirits. I don't know anything. I'm quite a baby. Never mind. I don't care. I'd rather be a baby. Hallo! Whoops! Hallo there!"

Scrooge (running to the window and calling downward to a boy in Sunday clothes): "What's to-day, my fine fellow?"

Boy: "To-day! Why, Christmas Day."

Scrooge (to himself): "It's Christmas Day! I haven't missed it. The spirits have done it all in one night. They can do anything they like. Of course they can."

(He went to church, and walked about the streets, and watched the people hurrying to and fro, and patted children on the head, and questioned beggars and looked down into the kitchens of houses, and up to the windows, and found that everything could yield him pleasure. He had never dreamed that any walk — that anything — could give him so much happiness. In the afternoon he turned his steps towards his nephew's house. He passed the door a dozen times before he had the courage to go up and knock. But he made a dash, and did it.) (Continued on page 19)



# The Talking Book

The following account, interestingly penned by a Salvation Army Officer who is laboring among the Native Indians of the far North-West, is a description of a historic event in one of the isolated regions.

**D**R. HENRY HATFIELD sat on the bench in front of the shanty, reading his Bible. Not once since he had left his home in the quiet rectory of the English village at Upper Dean had he broken his promise to read a chapter every Sunday. On this afternoon the construction gang were

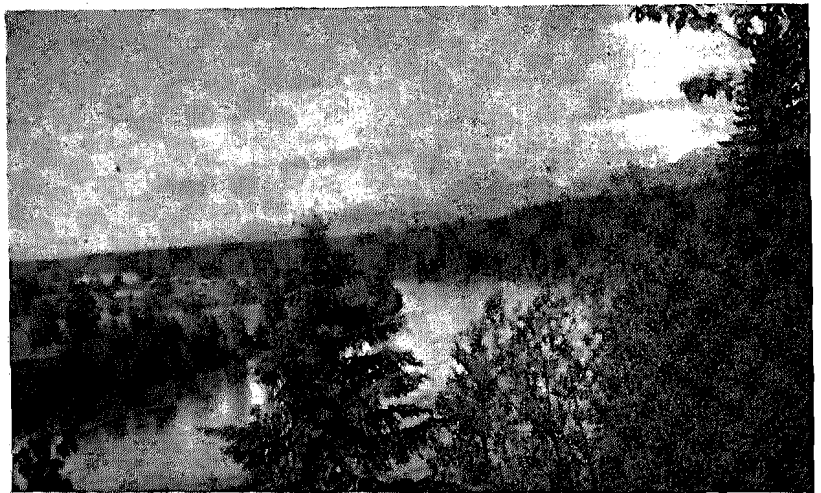
expressing their disapproval over the company's decision to abandon the telegraph line. They were hanging strips of black cloth over the wires as a sign of mourning.

For two years they had blazed a trail through the unknown solitude of the bush country. Only the snow-clad mountains, glistening like clouds in the blue sky, had seen their patient toil. The young doctor did not share their feelings. It

"You remember my telling you about God, the Shanung Ellagada (Chief Above) who created the earth and everything on it."

"Yes," eagerly answered Dalga. "Is that His Book? Tell me what He says."

The doctor turned to the third chapter of the Gospel of John and read the gracious words, "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoso-



A bend in the swiftly-flowing Naas River, Northern B.C., not far from which is Hazelton and the adjoining Salvation Army village of Glen Vowel

brought the realization of his hopes nearer. He wondered if Priscilla Mathews had heard the news. She would be watching for the arrival of the canoes from the interior. He needed no portrait to recall the sparkling brown eyes and the dark curls under a 'coming-out' bonnet of white crepe, which framed the tiny rosy-cheeked face of his eighteen-year-old promised wife. Now his release from the contract as company doctor meant that he could return to Vancouver at once.

His Indian helper, Dalga, had crept up beside him. "The Book, I have one like it. White man gave it to me long ago."

Dr. Hatfield was surprised. "Did you bring it to camp, Dalga? I never knew that you owned a book."

Dalga hurried away to his shack and returned with a Bible. "The captain of the boat spoke good words to me and gave me this. I want you to tell me what it is."

ever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Dalga's face brightened. "Are those words really there, and I have had it for a long time and never knew it?"

The doctor was startled by the young man's joy. "Where is your village? Would you take me with you? I would like to be at your wedding."

Early the next morning the young men started across the country to Lachleet. Coming out of the forest at the Tacla river, they saw the village on the opposite bank, a long straggling line of Indian lodges facing the water. In front of each house was a totem pole representing some animal or bird.

A canoe soon shot across the river, and Cowhoe, Dalga's brother, stepped out. When they reached the other side, Dalga led the way to the house with the highest totem pole. On entering the doctor was surprised by the size of the room. On a raised platform, sat the old chief and the medicine man, Cusheen. He welcomed the visitor, and from the rear of the platform a young girl came. "This is Ama," Dalga proudly explained.

Native Indian Totem Poles are picturesque records of Tribal history

# How the Great Father's Word Telling of the Com- ing of His Son, Came To Tumlakahm Harbor

The wedding festivities started the next day. A sumptuous repast of dried salmon and seaweed cakes mixed with olachan grease was topped by a dessert made of dried berries boiled in water and beaten by hand to a froth. The entertainment was provided by dancers who scattered a shower of swan and eagle down upon the guests of honor as a mark of respect. After the wedding, Dr. Hatfield bade good-bye to his new friends. It was a long trip of four weeks to reach Priscilla's home.

One year later the watchers on the cliff at Lachleet saw a large canoe laden with freight, coming up the river. The doctor and his bride had come to live and work amongst the people of Lachleet. Dalga and Ama helped them build a house. They were the first pupils in the school which Priscilla started. Soon, however, the young children were over their shyness and attending the school.

On a day when everything in Nature seemed to rejoice in the growth of new life, Henry and Priscilla heard a loud wailing in the village. Then a man hammered at their door, shouting, "Dalga is drowned!" A blind child had wandered out on a rock, Dalga had attempted to rescue the boy and had lost his footing. The current of the river which the melting snow had turned into a torrent had carried him away.

"I must go to Ama," said Priscilla. "I am afraid that the shock will be too much for her."

A crowd had gathered in front of Cusheen's lodge. On entering, Mrs. Hatfield saw the figure of Ama huddled under some blankets on the floor. A day-old baby was

An Indian Chief in native costume paddles his canoe upstream



bundled in a blanket in a far corner, unnoticed and neglected. Fifteen women were vainly attempting to restore the young mother by massaging her limbs. Ama saw the missionary's wife.

"I give my baby to you, teacher. Tell him about God." Then the lamentations of the women started as the spirit of the young wife joined that of her husband in the Better Land.

As Priscilla left the house with

the baby, Cusheen, who had already placed the black mark of death on the baby's forehead, grunted, "Good, he die soon. Not strong."

After Cusheen had observed all the funeral customs, giving away a large number of blankets to buy a "good name" for his daughter, and burning her clothes that she might be able to use them in the other world, he gave his commands at the funeral feast.

"This trouble came because Dalga and Ama gave up the old customs. The spirits are angry. The Scanawa of the medicine men is stronger than the Chief Above. No one can remain in the village who refuses to follow the old customs."

## In God's Providential Care

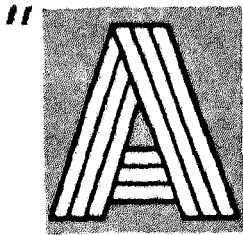
The group of Christians sadly left the house with their missionaries. "We must obey Shanung Ellagada. Our God will take care of us, for we believe in Him," they told the chief.

What was to be done? They must find a new home beside the river and they had only one canoe. Dr. Hatfield looked at the swift-flowing waters. Dared he suggest the plan that was forming in his mind?

(Continued on page 20)



A modern Chief, with his wife, children and grandchildren, taken amid their bushland surroundings in Northern British Columbia



# Child Shall Lead"

Out of the Bluest of Blue Skies a Thunderbolt  
Had Fallen, but Faith and Prayer Brought  
Happiness Again to a Stricken Home

"MAMMA! can you move me a bit?" The speaker was a pretty, dark-haired child of about seven, who lay on a couch, beside a big casement window, in the pretty living-room of an attractive home in the suburbs of B—. The late autumn sunshine streamed in; and a plump grey cat stretched luxuriously as the warmth penetrated her thick, glossy coat, and purred like a small steam-engine. "Oh! mamma, do listen to Smoky. She sounds like the tea-kettle!"—and the child's laughter trilled through the pleasant room.

"Put her on my pillow, please, mamma"; as a young woman entered. "Tired, darling?" The wide-apart hazel eyes, so like the child's, were full of tenderness, as she gently lifted the small form, shook the pillow, and put the curly head back, with a caressing touch.

Then she swooped down on the fat cat and deposited her on the pillow, where she settled down contentedly, and purred—if possible—louder than ever.

The child's hands snuggled into the soft, warm fur, and with a sudden ecstatic movement, the cat rolled completely over, revealing an "underneath" that was snowy white, and soft as swansdown.

"Smoky! you darling"; and the child buried her face in the soft whiteness, and gurgled in glee as the plump bundle of fluff threatened to explode! "Aren't I fortunate, mamma, having a cat like Smoky,

and a mamma like you?" and her small arms reached up to draw her mother's face toward her, for a kiss.

"What were you making, mamma?" "Guess, darling!" and the mother gazed adoringly at the small replica of herself. "Ooh! I can smell it—gingerbread!" And the childish laughter rang out once more, for her mother had gone. A moment and she was back, her cheeks glowing as she said: "Just in time! I'd forgotten all about the gingerbread men." "What else, mamma?" "Hot chicken patties, cream cheese and olive sandwiches, raspberry jelly with whipped cream, chocolate blancmange with raisins and nuts and custard sauce, and pink ice cream with maple syrup and chopped walnuts. Think they will like that?"

"Oh, mamma! It will be the loveliest party! Daddy says they are very poor, and they never have parties at home. I know they will like our nice house, and they'll just love my pretty mamma. My heart is saying a big 'Thank you' to Jesus, for being so good to me." "Yes, sweetheart; but now I must run." And with another gentle kiss, the mother hurried away.

Left to herself, the child lay quietly gazing around the familiar room with its pretty pictures and drapery; the big windows, the mirrors here and there, that reflected the sunlight, and also made it pos-

sible for the small shut-in to glimpse a bit of the out-of-doors. The thought came: "Mamma doesn't like me to speak of Jesus. She always seems to hurry away." Then she gave herself up to pleasant anticipations of the "party." Daddy's "company" was a subject of vital interest to Joy. At first she had found it strange when her beloved father had told her about "The Army," but she had long since become enthralled with the idea of going to Company Meeting and Directory—some day—when she could walk again! Daddy always

## Lord of All

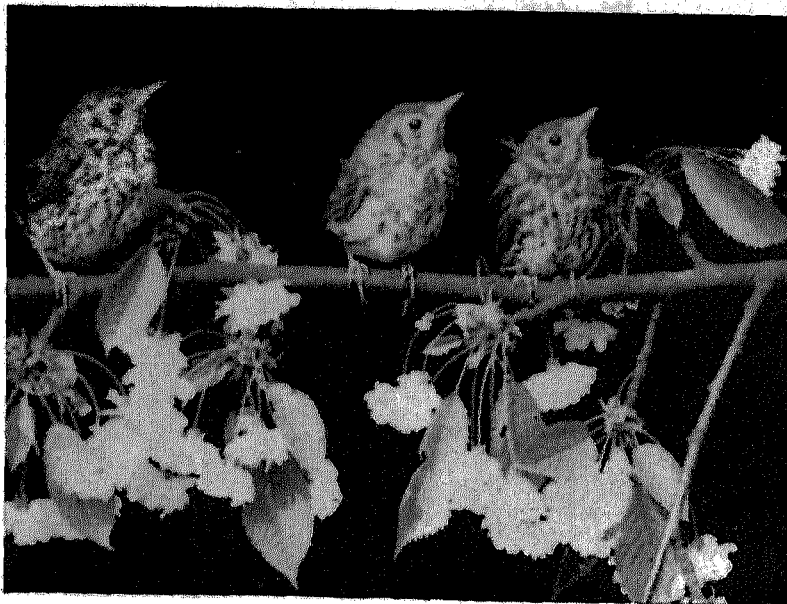
INFANT holy,  
Infant lowly,  
For His bed a cattle  
stall;  
Oxen lowing,  
Little knowing  
Christ the Babe is Lord  
of all.  
Swift are winging  
Angels singing,  
Nowells ringing,  
Tidings bringing,  
Christ the Babe is Lord  
of all.

E. M. Reed.

looked very sad when anyone mentioned that because it was two long years since Joy had done any walking! Daddy had told her all about it, but her loyal child's heart would go no farther. Always she tried to think of something else!

Out in the gleaming modern kitchen pretty Marguerite Campbell was thinking back to the last time that Joy had walked. Somehow, she always did, when Joy spoke of Jesus! Try as she would, it seemed impossible to reconcile a loving Heavenly Father, and a little, bedridden child. God simply did not permit such things to happen. If He did—well, He was not for her! And yet Roger definitely believed in

THE CREATOR'S CARE: "One of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father"





By



## ANGEL LANE

Him! Indeed, he went so far as to say that God let such a tragedy happen because He wanted to turn their thoughts and hearts to Himself.

Roger loved Jesus. He it was who had taught small Joy to love Him, too! Her heart contracted at the thought of Roger. How she loved him; her tall, handsome husband. How proud she had been of his success in business, of the lovely home he had bought for her, of the furnishings they had chosen together, of her unexpected skill as housekeeper and cook. An office-worker, she had little chance to do more than dabble in housewifely arts, and had been astonished and delighted that she could cook quite creditably, and find real joy in all that pertained to the care of their very attractive love-nest. Roger had always told her that she could do anything, once she gave her mind to it; but then, Roger had always been so tremendously proud of his sweetheart-wife. Dear, dear Roger! She covered her face with her hands,

A MODERN MADONNA AND  
CHILD



and shuddered at the memory of that awful period when all their happiness was threatened.

The years after the blissfully-awaited coming of their baby girl had but added to their love and happiness. Friends admired and respected them, and held them up as a shining example of a radiantly-happy family. Their only regret was that their parents were no longer living to share their joy. And then, out of the bluest of skies, the thunder-bolt had fallen. Roger had taken to drink! There had been an exceptionally busy time in the office where Roger was an executive, and on a bitterly cold night one of his associates had invited Roger to his home for a "hot drink" before completing the cold homeward journey.

The months that followed had been a nightmare. True, Roger had always been the same loving husband and father. He had kept himself as immaculate as ever; but he had been thoroughly drunk on more than one occasion, although he prided himself on "carrying his liquor like a man."

On such an occasion he had taken small Joy and herself for a ride into the beautiful lake region near their home, and it was on the return

journey that the tragic accident had occurred that had left their darling little daughter bed-ridden.

A night or so later, a remarkable change had taken place in Roger. On his way to the hospital he had stopped to listen to a Salvation Army open-air meeting. A fine-looking, middle-aged man was giving his testimony to the saving power of Christ. He told of how the drink habit had well-nigh caused his complete downfall, and of how he had found deliverance at The Army's Penitent-Form. Half-frantic as he was with remorse and grief, Roger needed no further inducement. Going to the drum-side, he knelt and found all that he had longed for—and infinitely more!

As soon as small Joy had been able to leave the hospital, her father had gone as often as possible to the Corps that had held the eventful open-air. Comrades had rallied round him, and soon he felt that his real spiritual home was there. Later, he had taken over a company of boys, ranging from nine to eleven years of age, and now the entire class of ten was to go to his home

for a meal, and to get acquainted with Joy, whose interest in "The Army" was unbounded. Since the care of Joy kept her mother more than busy, Roger had never suggested that anyone from the Corps visit his home; but anything that Joy suggested was acted upon by her mother; so the coming of "the Company" was made a joyous occasion, with the "party" idea carried out enthusiastically. The dining-table was already in place right by the living-room door, where Joy could see everything.

And now it was late evening. The party had been a huge success! Marguerite had quite taken to her heart the little lads who, though obviously poor, were so nicely behaved. And how they had enjoyed the good food, and how radiant her darling had been, and how full of childish sympathy the boys themselves.

And then, one of them had dropped a veritable bomb into the midst. "Teacher!" he had said: "Do you remember the little girl we read about on Sunday? You know, the one who died, and Jesus made her

(Continued on page 22)

# Hark, The Herald

**S**o many wondrous gifts have come to us through the birth of Mary's lowly manger-Baby at Bethlehem that it is little wonder the finite mind becomes bewildered when we try to comprehend them.

Much has come of Jesus' birth to make life beautiful. We have inherited from Him a new and divine way of life that means happiness and peace to all who will walk uprightly.

There is the blessedness of His acceptance and the assurance of His pardon and love, even for those who

His good time it will be brought to pass. Mary's Babe at Bethlehem was the genesis of this plan.

## God's Constant Concern

*He came to save us all!*

We could go on almost without end enumerating the blessings that have come to the world through the birth of Jesus, for they are eternal. His spirit has filled us with generous impulses; we want others to be happy because we have found happiness in Him. Through the Bethlehem Babe we have the blessed certainty that our peace is God's

understand Jesus when He said: "I have come that ye might have life and have it more abundantly." The chief concern of the leaders was the political issue: who was to be first in the new kingdom? Nor was it any part of Israel's idea that the Messiah should include the Gentiles in any of His plans.

How, then, could the mind of Mary, the lowly Hebrew maid, embrace the all-inclusive plan of world salvation that was the intent of God for the Babe born in a stable?

Mary's world was such a drab world, such a very sombre world. Because the minds of Israel's people were fixed wholly upon their hated enemies and their captivity, there was no room for gladness in Israel's heart—no music in Israel's soul. Many of her Psalms, chanted by the priests, were imprecations of hate, calling upon God to destroy her oppressors. The congregations in the temple sat silently in sack-cloth and ashes.

Then, suddenly one night, the angel of the Lord appeared to some shepherds out on the hills; the glory

## Since the Momentous Event — the Birth of the Babe in Bethlehem — the World Has Resounded With Songs of Exaltation . . . Paeans of Praise to Our Lord : : :

fail Him because of sinful weaknesses. We have churches, free schools, colleges of learning and missions to the darkest corners of the earth. He has taught us to share with the unenlightened heathen the blessings of civilization, education, free intercourse and understanding, to the end that all the creatures of God shall be equal in opportunity as we are all equal in His sight. This is God's plan, and in

constant concern. The whole world revolves around this Babe, born in a lowly stable. He is the miracle of all ages—God, manifested in the flesh, that the beauty of this sinless God-man may be reflected to others by our likeness unto Him.

At the time of this momentous event in Bethlehem, only Mary knew of its true significance. Through an angel, God told her that she was to be the mother of the promised Messiah, for whose coming all Israel was looking and longing and praying. But it is easy to doubt that even she could foresee its full scope.

Mary lived in such a little world; she was such a lowly maid. The minds of the people of Israel were centred solely upon the coming of a deliverer. They were bondslaves, and they thought of the coming Messiah only as one who was to liberate them from their masters—not to free them from their transgressions. They wanted only power to conquer Caesar Augustus; not wisdom to conquer themselves.

Israel yearned to rule instead of being ruled. It could not



## For You

FLOCKS were sleeping,  
Shepherds keeping  
Vigil till the morning new  
Save the glory,  
Heard the Story,  
Tidings of a Gospel true.  
Thus rejoicing,  
Free from sorrow,  
Praises voicing  
Greet the morrow,  
Christ the Babe was born for you.

of the Lord shone round about them; and the angel said:

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people: And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the Heavenly Host, praising God and saying: 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men.'"

## First Celestial Anthem

Amid a joy that the world had never known, Jesus was born, and out of that first celestial anthem came the grand hymns of the Church, without which our worship and, indeed, our very spiritual life,

# Angels Sing

would be dull, inert and entirely without inspiration; for they have set all peoples the world around singing at every Christmastime:

*Joy to the world,  
The Saviour comes!*

Two billion Christians give expression to their love for Jesus in singing hymns that at every Christian assembling lift our adoring souls into the very presence of God and of His Son. Their beautiful poetry and uplifting harmony will live until Jesus comes again.

We sing our joy; all the people rejoice greatly; congregations of the righteous, with one glad voice, raise their souls to the Most High in these inspiring hymns that had their birth in the hearts of men when Jesus came. The world found its singing voice in the anthems of Heaven which the angels sang at His birth. We've been singing of Him until this day. We'll be singing of Him when He comes again to reign triumphantly for ever and ever.

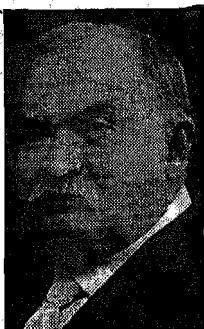
## He Shall Reign For Ever

I wish that every Christian could stand, as I once stood, with a host of twenty thousand Christian people, while a choir of five hundred voices sang the "Hallelujah Chorus." We seemed to be in the very presence of God, with our arms upstretched in adoration, as the last grand Hallelujah split the very Heavens open to let us see Him in glorious majesty upon the Throne.

*The Kingdom of this world  
Is become the Kingdom of our Lord  
And of His Christ; and  
He shall reign for ever and ever  
King of Kings and Lord of Lords.  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!*

Contrast this paean of praise with

A former editor of the New York Sun, Henry F. Milans fell from this responsible position through strong liquor and became an outcast of society. He was wonderfully converted in an Army meeting and became an eminently useful citizen and Journalist



that other humble hymn of confession, as it came to me, in the darkest hour of a life that seemed to be utterly beyond any restoration by

By

Henry

F.

Milans,

O.F.



God or man, and burned its way into my blackened soul:

*The mistakes of my life are many,  
And my spirit is sick with sin;  
But I come as He has bidden,  
And my Saviour will let me in.*

It was the Babe of Bethlehem who inspired both of these—the one a grand hymn of exaltation by His followers; the other a plaintive plea for His mercy.

I think that the ear of the Jesus I know will always catch first the sobbing of the plea for forgiveness and mercy.

We are glad Christians because we are singing Christians—glad for our hymns that were born with Christ at Bethlehem.

*Shine on, O Star of Bethlehem,  
Till darkness disappears!  
Ring out, O Bells of Bethlehem,  
Thy joys through all the years.*

## EBENEZER SCROOGE: CHRISTMAS, 1843 - 1946

(Continued from page 11)

Scrooge (to the maid): "Is your master at home, my dear."

Maid: "Yes, sir."

Scrooge: "Where is he, my love?"

Maid: "He's in the dining-room, sir, along with mistress. I'll show you up-stairs, if you please."

Scrooge: "Thank'ee. He knows me, I'll go in here, my dear."

(He turned it gently, and sidled his face in, round the door. They were looking at the table which was spread out in great array.)

Scrooge (to his nephew): "Fred."

(Dear heart alive, how his niece by marriage started!)

Nephew: "Why, bless my soul, who's that?"

Scrooge: "It is I, your Uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let me in, Fred?"

(Let him in! It's a mercy he didn't shake his arm off. He was at home in five minutes. Nothing could be heartier. Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, won—der—ful happiness!)

His own heart laughed. He knew how to keep Christmas well.



# THE TALKING BOOK

(Continued from page 13)



Hardy natives of the North West at work in the bushland

Turning to the group, he said, "We could build two rafts quicker than we could make canoes."

The rafts were made twenty feet in length of logs strongly fastened together. On these frail crafts the people assembled their belongings. Before they embarked the little company knelt in prayer upon the bank. "Our Father, God," prayed Henry Hatfield, "We know that Thou wilt bring us to a safe harbor. Guide and protect us on our pilgrimage. We ask this mercy in the name of Jesus. Amen!"

The courageous pilgrims pushed off from the shore. Their frail craft drifted down the river from daylight till dark, protected by their Heavenly Father in the dangerous rapids and whirlpools. On the sec-

ond day their rafts drifted into a quiet bay at the foot of the mountain.

## Knelt in Thanksgiving

"It is Tumlakahm, the mountain where the canoe rested when the Great Spirit sent a flood," Cowhoe exclaimed. "The Chief Above has heard our prayers. He brought us to Tumlakahm." Everyone knelt in prayer while the missionary led in humble thanksgiving to God who had delivered them from danger.

Tumlakahm had an ideal situation. The snow-clad mountain peaks towered over the blue and purple crags, merging into the dark green spruce and cedar to the lighter green of the cottonwood and poplar of the valley below. God's handi-

work in Nature confirmed the promise of His love and care.

Temporary shelters were built of poles set up in the ground and covered with long, wide strips of bark. The doctor's two years' experience with the construction company stood him in good stead. To clear the thickly-covered valley of the giant cottonwood and poplar with the dense undergrowth of willow, they drove a fire through it. Then came the back-breaking task of pulling the blackened stumps. As soon as the ground was ready, the Indians planted potatoes.

## The Land of Promise

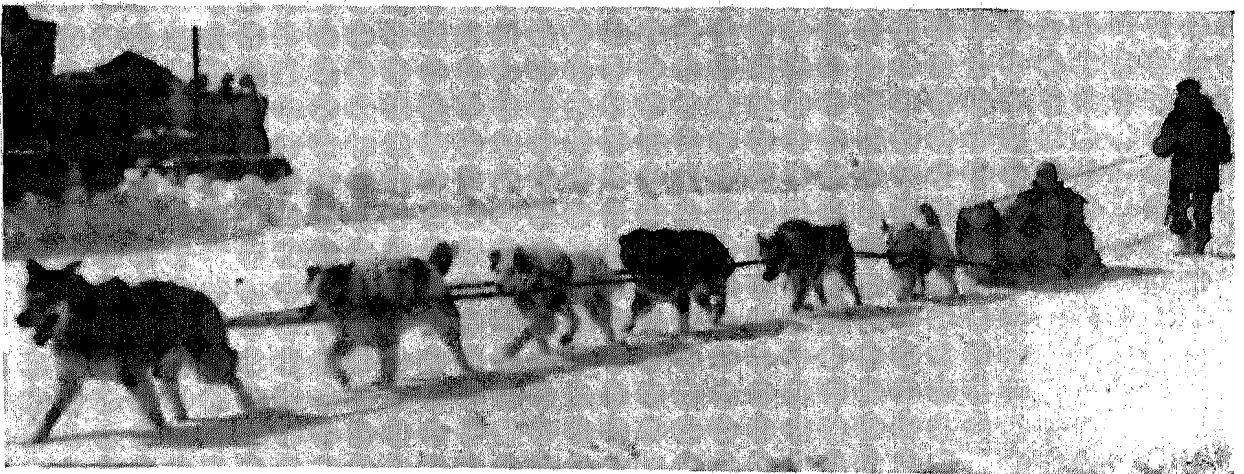
The site was laid out, and each head of a family received a strip of land five acres wide and a mile long. Once a year Dr. Hatfield made the long trip for supplies and mail.

Ama's baby did not die. Little Daniel grew into a tall, sturdy lad, and became useful. One influential chief, observing the missionary's labors, became a Christian and joined the colony. Soon others were converted, until finally many gave up their heathen customs and became followers of the Living Christ.

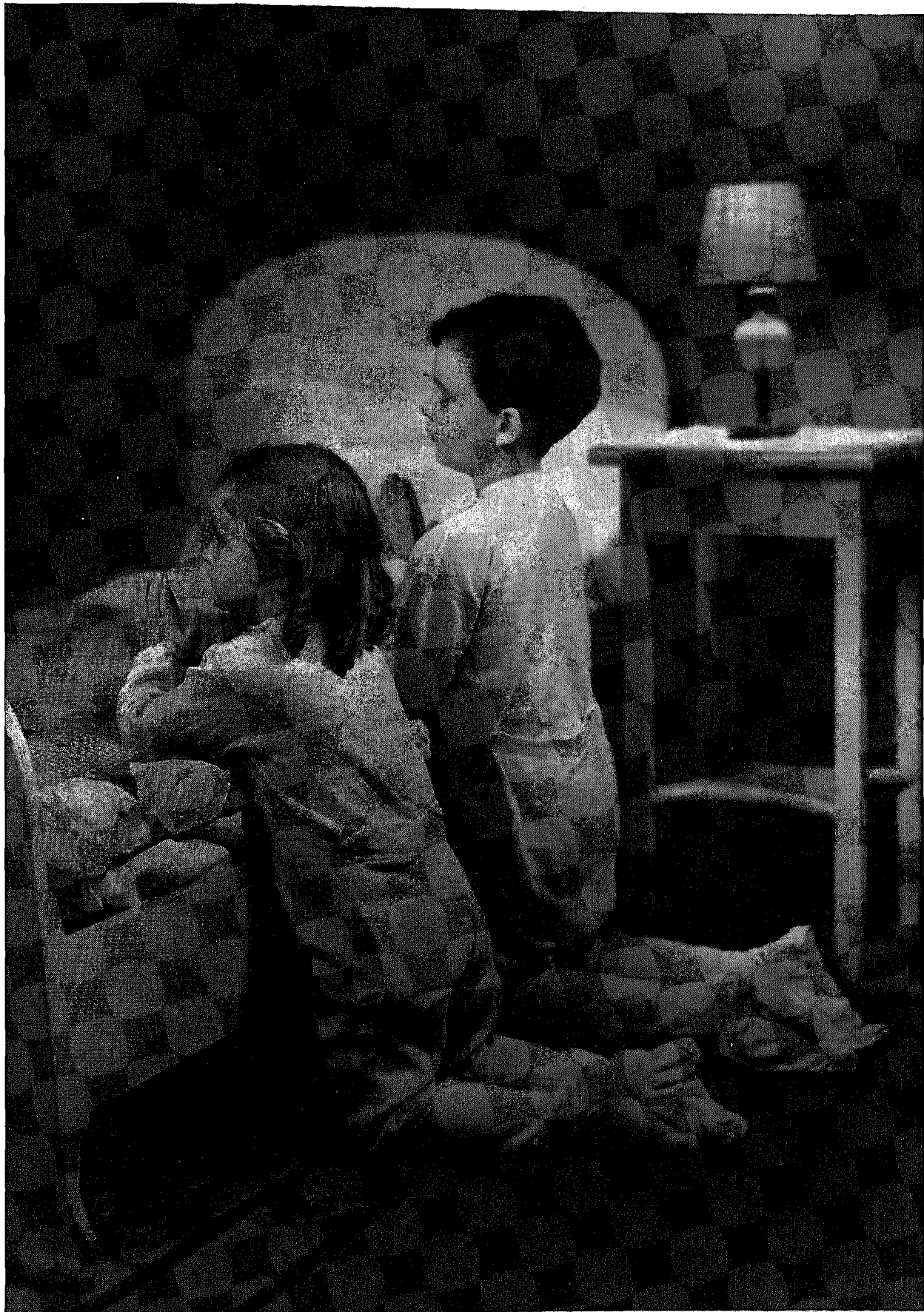
Gradually the village became organized. The fish were so plentiful that a community cannery was started. The income from it made possible the improvement of their homes. A hospital, church, school and sawmill were erected. Docks were built and the town became a port of call for the steamships. From time to time the villagers welcomed new converts to their faith.

Thus came about a transformation, in which, in due time, The Salvation Army shared, its message and work spreading abroad in the region. Native Outposts were opened and sturdy Indian Salvationists carried the news of Salvation to people of their own race in music, speech and song.

And all because the message of Dalga's Talking Book—the Bible—is true.—E.B.



Settlers set out on a trip in the frozen Northland, with their picturesque team of "huskies"



*"I love Thee, Lord Jesus;  
Look down from the sky,*

*And stay by my bedside  
Till morning is nigh."  
("Away in a manger . . .")*

# A Child Shall Lead

(Continued from page 15)

come alive again? Well, if He could do that why couldn't He make your little girl walk again?"

There was an instant of stunned silence; then a voice piped up: "I'm certain He could!"—another, "Sure! He could do anything!—and yet another, "Whyn't we ask Him?"

Teacher had glanced from his astonished wife to his small daughter, in whose shining eyes already a joyous hope was born. "Shall we, Joy?" "Oh! please, daddy; right now!" So there and then they asked. One after another, the boys added a sentence or two, until a simple petition—with no stylish phrasing, but with a wealth of childish faith in a God who could do *anything*—had been wafted Heavenwards. There had been happy "God-bless-you's" soon after, and a starry-eyed girlie had been carried tenderly upstairs to her bed, and had quickly fallen into sound slumber.

Back in the living-room, Roger had taken his wife into his arms, but with her head on his shoulder she had whispered: "Don't talk to me, Roger. Not to-night. My heart is so—full!"

And kissing her gently, he had held her close for a moment, then together they had put the rooms in order, washed the dishes and gone quietly to bed.

The days that followed were strange ones for Marguerite Campbell. More than ever devoted to her child, she had watched the increasing hope that glowed in the hazel eyes, as in the grey ones of her husband. How simply they both accepted the fact that Joy *would* some day be walking again! Roger told her that it just had not occurred to him before. That was all. But for her there was a constant mixture of emotions. Saturdays now became visiting day for Joy, the boys all coming at some time during the day, which was always a time of happy expectancy.

One Saturday in mid-November the rain poured in torrents all day. Roger telephoned that he would be unable to get home until evening due to unexpected pressure of business. The boys could not come in such weather, so Marguerite spent the day with Joy. Suddenly the child said, "Mamma! will you come to Company meeting with us when I can walk?" And quite simply she found herself answering, "Why, surely, darling!" and was amazed at the joy that flooded her heart.

How swiftly the days sped by, and how light was her heart now! No longer did Roger Campbell kneel alone by his small daughter's bedside after she was settled for the

night. Nor did Mamma hurry away when Joy spoke of Jesus.

Plans were joyfully made for Christmas. "The Company" was to come for dinner and spend the afternoon and early evening. There was to be a huge tree, an equally huge turkey, and everything else in the way of trimmings.

One afternoon Marguerite settled Joy with a Bible Story book, then went up to the attic for some tree ornaments. Coming down a little later she found Joy sleeping, the beloved Smoky cradled in her arms. The front door was quietly opened just then, and Marguerite went to meet Roger, who exclaimed, "Why the bewildered expression, dearest?" "Do I look bewildered? I am. Something is strange, somewhere, but I cannot quite make out what it is!"

"Mamma! Daddy!" Joy's voice rang out exultantly, and Roger and his wife rushed to the couch-side. "Oooh! you'll never guess what! I was out of bed! Smoky jumped on my pillow and knocked my book on to the floor. I did so want to finish that story, so I just asked Jesus to help me get the book, 'cause I didn't

## A Star and a Sceptre

A Remarkable Prophecy

I SHALL see Him, but not now: I shall behold Him, but not nigh: there shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel.—Numbers 24:17.

want to bring Mamma down from the attic. Then I pulled the covers off, put my feet down on the floor, and picked up my book; and then I got back into bed, and I was so tired I went right to sleep and didn't read the story after all!"

Oh, what a Christmas it was for the Campbell family! "The company" were almost beside themselves with delight.

Such a tree! and such good things to eat; and such presents! As they sat around on the floor beside Joy in the big chair, and opened the parcels tied up with tinsel and gay ribbons, they were quite sure that there couldn't be anyone anywhere in all the world as happy as they! Joy wasn't able to go far or fast, yet—but the doctors said she was going to.

It was a wonderful Christmas! So said they all. But the very best was when "everybody" — Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, and the Major and Mrs. Major, and "the company" joined hands all round Joy's chair and sang the Doxology.



ASLEEP AT THEIR POST.—Two small watchers grow weary of waiting for the annual visitor





# WHITE CHRISTMAS

**I** LOVE the beauty of a white Christmas. There's a fascination in watching a snowstorm, especially nearing the approach of the Day itself, that is unsurpassed by the charm of any other aspect of nature. Snow is beauty obliterating the world; its glamor is akin to that of moonlight, steeping the visible universe in radiant bloom.

Because, since the earliest childhood days, I have had a ruling passion for nature and a love for all wild creatures, Christmas has had for me an especial appeal as a naturalist. No man who roams the woods and fields, who would rather spend an hour in a solitary forest than an afternoon at the matinee; no man who feels in the resplendent order and beauty of the universe the touch of the Hand Divine, can come to a season like Christmas without feeling that it is just and right thus to commemorate the birth of God's Son.

## The Miracle of Creation

The naturalist has, or should have—though I make no claims for myself—the integrity of insight of the true mystic. He knows that creation is a miracle. He longs to account for it. Christ as the Son of the Almighty accounts for it. Therefore, the naturalist welcomes Christmas

## A Naturalist Links Winter Beauty with Divine Truth

as a time when we, with eminent sagacity, acknowledge and rejoice in the birth of the Child of our Creator.

### An Innumerable Company

When asked if he saw anything more in a sunset than the subsiding of a red disk, the poet William Blake said he could only answer that he saw far more; he saw an innumerable company of the heavenly host crying, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!" And that is what every human heart should cry, not alone at the gorgeous spectacle of sundown, but at sight of the tiniest bluebell, the frailest wild white violet, the faintest star that gleams in the immense mansions of "the huge and thoughtful night."

Whether we can in any degree celebrate this great festival aright

depends in a critical measure upon the integrity of our belief. Being distinctly a religious commemoration, it can have no real meaning for the dismal heart of the atheist, who seems to imagine that the world created itself. No man lacking a downright belief in the Divine can ever feel Christmas. The superb "Adeste Fidelis" is a summons to the loyal to adore, not a general invitation to promiscuous revelry.

That marvellous life which began at Bethlehem we know to have been different from any other life ever passed upon this earth. It would be impossible to account for it save by acknowledging a miracle. The more experience in life we have, the more infallibly we learn to count on the certainty of the impossible.

### I Believe!

I believe in the Virgin Birth; I believe all the other miracles; I believe in the Resurrection. Nor is credence given merely for the supine reason of conformity; nor even of spiritual comfort. I accept Christ as Divine because my reason and my instinct reject every other possible interpretation of Him. He cannot sensibly be classified with other sages and saints. He is a Figure of solitary splendor. His greatness is not of this earth.

We celebrate His birth with joy!

▲ ▲ By ▲ ▲

ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

# A SONG FOR ALL THE FAMILY

***mf* Allegro moderato M.  $\text{♩}$  : 92**

### Key Features

**CRSC**

*(The following are the lyrics of the song "I'm a Little Teardrop")*

t. y. m. :fo  
 r. y. r. :  
 m. y. d. r. m.  
 d. y. d. r. m.

s. y. :  
 s. y. :  
 s. y. :  
 s. y. :

poco dim.  
 d. y. l. d. :  
 d. y. l. s. :  
 s. y. :  
 s. y. :

CHORUS  
 r. : r. r. m. r. :  
 t. : t. t. l. d. t. :

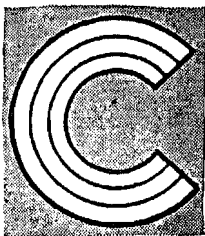
## CHORUS

**Sing for Christmas Morn:**

## Sing for Christmas

Je - sus Christ is born: Je - sus Christ is born: Joy-bells ring-ing, an-gels sing-ing, Sing for Christmas Morn.

PAGE TWENTY-FOUR



# CHRISTMAS-The Perfect Day

When Earth Is Most "In Tune" With Heaven

BY THE CHIEF SECRETARY, COLONEL A. LAYMAN

"And what is so rare as a day  
in June?  
Then, if ever, come perfect  
days;  
Then Heaven tries the earth if  
it be in tune."—Lowell.

**J**HIS is the summer song of the poet; and certainly nature seems to be at her best in June, "for then, if ever, come perfect days," with their blue skies, bright sunshine, singing birds and brilliant flowers.

It is also in this mid-year month that earth appears to be most "in tune" with Heaven. Nature strikes her chord—from the treble of the skylark hanging from the earth-side of a cloud, to the bass of the croaking bull-frog in the reeds, with somewhere in between the alto of the busy bee in flight, and the tenor of the ceaselessly chirping

cricket. Nature strikes the chord... Heaven tries it to see if it be in tune, and is satisfied!

**I**N another realm—that most important realm of the spirit—there is no time in the calendar year when earth is more "in tune" with heaven than at Christmas. And that notwithstanding June's sighing breezes have changed to winter's bitter blasts, and June's waving grasses are covered by the whitest of December's snowy counterpanes!

It is at Christmas—holy, happy Christmas—that men are most nearly in tune with God. Then it is that men "vibrate most nearly at Heaven's concert pitch—"in tune" with charity and concern for all; "in tune" with love both for the loved and the unlovable; "in tune" with Heaven's own perfect harmony of gift-giving and joy-dispensing.

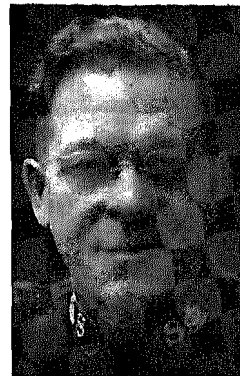
It is at Christmas that men's hearts make music most nearly like the Nativity Song of the Angels. It is at Christmas that men's deeds, wrought and shaped in kindness, are most nearly like the deeds of God. It is at Christmas that men's thoughts, pure and sympathetic, are most nearly in accord with God's thoughts toward men.

## When God Came to Men

June has its "perfect days." But Christmas is the Perfect Day! It is the Perfect Day because it was the day on which God came to men. On that first Perfect Day "God so loved that He gave . . .", and in our generosity of gift and greeting we are most nearly "in tune" with the Divine beneficence of God Himself.

And what if every day were a Perfect Day? What if all men

COLONEL  
ARCH.  
LAYMAN



MRS.  
LAYMAN

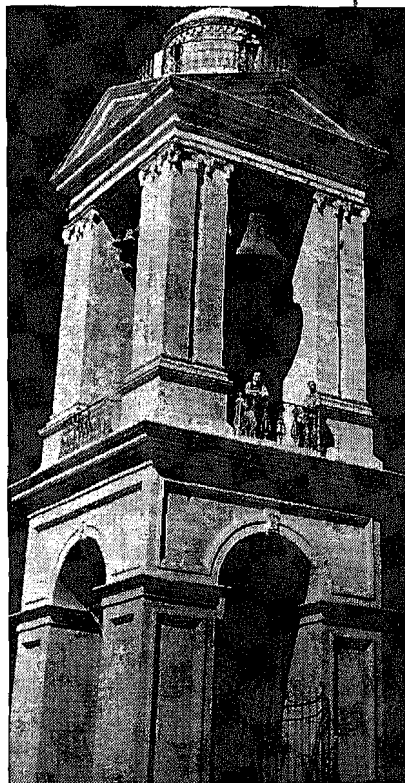


everywhere would join Dickens in his exclamation, "to honor Christmas in my heart and keep it through the year"? Alas, too many live in the spirit of the penetrating poem which contains the line: "Christmas is over and business is business." It is selfish living that makes for imperfect days, but it is the Spirit of Christmas that makes the Sermon on the Mount practicable and experimental.

**T**HE happiest fact of this soliloquy is the statement now made that it is gloriously possible for Earth to be "in tune" with Heaven; for men to be "in tune" with God. The Babe of Bethlehem is also the Man of Calvary; the Christ of Christmas is also the Christ of the Cross. He is the infinite Gift of God, who gave Himself "a ransom for many."

## Discord Vanishes

When through the merits of Calvary, men surrender themselves to God—body, soul and spirit—they get "in tune" with the will of God for them. When sin is forgiven, discord vanishes. When Salvation comes in, harmony abounds and increases. Then—as so many have discovered—"come perfect days," not only at Christmas, or in June, but, blessed be God, throughout the year . . . and all the years!



The Tower of the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, the bells of which are heard by radio around the world at Christmastide

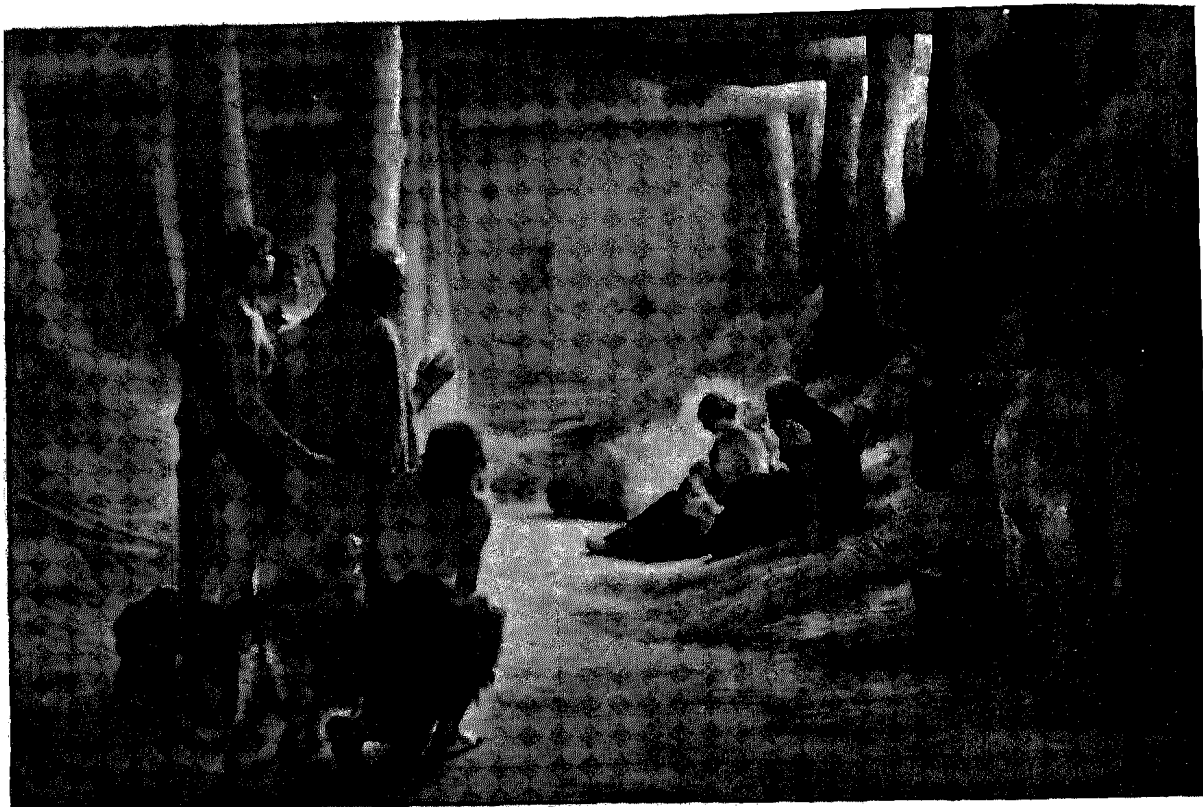
## Remember The Salvation Army In Your Will!

**S**INCE the year 1865 The Salvation Army has demonstrated its effectiveness in dealing with human problems, distress and maladjustments, through its varied and highly-organized network of character-building activities.

The Salvation Army is legally competent to accept bequests.

Upon request, information or advice will be furnished by:

The Territorial Commander,  
20 Albert Street,  
Toronto, Ont., Canada.



WONDER AND ADORATION.—"Mild He lays His glory by, Born that man no more may die!"

## THE GIFT UNSPEAKABLE

(Continued from page 3)

And these men—the Magi—brought presents as was the custom.

Gold was laid at the feet of the infant Jesus—something He would scorn one day, for did He not tell the rich young ruler to "sell all that he had and give to the poor"?

Frankincense was also presented, suggesting that the old rites were to be abolished and that the altars would no longer need perfumes and the smoke of incense.

Myrrh, too, was noted amongst the gifts—a preparation for dead bodies. Some have wondered whether Mary, studying this present, may have had a presentiment that perhaps one day it would be needed to embalm the body of the One, now her sweet Babe, named Jesus.

In hundreds of thousands of homes to-day the term Christmas and gifts have become almost synonymous. Christmas presents make big demands on time and pockets; and yet, while most of us take pleasure in making gifts at all seasons of the year, with what special joy is this done at Christmas-time! What is the secret of this feeling of satisfaction?

The answer is obvious. We love, therefore, we give. And here is a way in which the one who loves God, even though in an imperfect way, resembles the Heavenly Father—"For God SO loved that He gave His ONLY begotten Son..."

The story of Jesus, some may

say, is very old. That is correct, but true stories are worth telling and retelling. Let us ever remember also that the sun may rise and set on one particular day with greater grandeur than it did the previous day, and we may thus contemplate glories never noticed before.

But to return to the cradle visitors and their presents. Let it be noted that each brought gifts to the Babe in his own way. The

### THE TRULY WISE

THEY saw God's star in heaven,  
The true sign that never could err;

They brought through the night  
and the desert,  
Gold and frankincense and myrrh.

Again the wise may find Jesus  
in lands of the palm or the fir;  
They offer their hearts' adoration,  
Gold and frankincense and myrrh.

H.M.S.R.

shepherds, after hearing the angels' message, went to see Jesus personally; each gave of his love and adoration, and testified about Him. To adore the Christ-Child was more important than to reason out the mystery. Love and worship were more wonderful than the closest scientific analysis.

The Wise Men, on the other hand, with their knowledge of the stars, found their way to Jesus only after

a long and arduous journey. It sometimes seems that the highly educated have a long way to travel in order to make gifts to the Christ, while often the wayfaring man finds it comparatively easy to enter into the Kingdom. But to all who sincerely seek the Saviour, no matter what gifts and graces they may possess, He may be found.

It may be well to ask ourselves the question—after accepting Salvation from sin at the hands of the One who came to save His people from their sins—what should be the character of the gifts brought by the redeemed to their Redeemer? Intellectual powers, time, influence, money? Yes, all of these, and more. We must give ourselves—body, soul and spirit; and as again we go in spirit to the "little town of Bethlehem" and contemplate the gifts made two thousand years ago, shall we not reverently and sincerely renew our vows and say:

"Dear Saviour, I can ne'er repay

The debt of love I owe!

Here, Lord, I give myself away,

'Tis all that I can do!"

This Christmastide can be a blessed season for all, if its wonderful message—strong, enduring and lovely—is received into the heart: that the Saviour came to save us from our sins, change and beautify our lives, and turn us from darkness to light, from sighing to singing, from weakness to strength and victory.



# Christmastide In a City of India

Described by Brigadier

John  
Fitton



**M**OST of us are interested to know how other people spend Christmas — especially the people who live in far-off lands. Therefore I venture to give a pen-picture of Christmas doings in Madras, India, which has been called a "City of Churches"—and that being so, it seems obvious that the spirit of Christmas there should be in greater evidence; and so it is.

The first sound of Christmas carols is heard during the last week of November. On the whole the singing is good, and to make up for the lack of female voices, young boys give a good account of themselves. Indian youth do not as yet freely mingle together; time alone will work this miracle.

Carol parties move from street to street in decorated buses hired by the night. Small harmoniums or stringed instruments are the usual accompaniment. Christmas Eve is the climax for singing parties. Buses crawl along narrow streets where bright lights shine out from open doors showing up the pavement outside. I remember one year when The Salvation Army Carol Party was busy in one of these streets, no less than three other parties came along, and their buses had to turn off a side street in order to let another party pass by coming from the opposite direction. All

night long they keep up; they are treated freely in the matter of refreshments and their enthusiasm does not diminish.

Church carol programs there are a-plenty, and some of these are very good. There is an increasing amount of talent for stringed instruments and one can hear some fairly good programs. I think, however, the real spirit of Christmas is seen in the happy faces of the humble villagers who flock into the city a few days beforehand. See them coming from Central Station—fathers strutting along in front—the women-folk and children trying to keep up, and at the same time take in the strange sights.

Indian streets are always overflowing with mixed crowds. The streets, the markets, the cheap shelters, the trams and buses, all are crowded with country folk. They have happy faces, and their conversation is both loud and long, with plenty of hand and arm gesticulations. As the people move about

they keep together in groups—the men always seem to walk ahead unconcerned about the family. Then the women, with children of all sizes, talking excitedly about the modern buses — the fast-moving electric trains, and the over-crowded trams. Babes in arms seem to share the feelings of the elder children and smile to show their approval.

## Every Anna Counts

What a picture to see these humble folk standing in front of the toy-shops in the market where are displayed highly-colored Indian toys. Excited children keep pulling at their mothers' sarees, drawing attention to some particular article. These village folk have not much money—so every anna counts. Nevertheless, father cannot resist those large pleading eyes of his children, so he calculates carefully as he continues to give each one some toy. It is worth it all to see these happy, beaming faces, with

(Continued on page 30)

## The Story of Redemption

All round the world, whether to small groups or to great assemblies The Army's message is the same—the story of man's Redemption through Christ on Calvary. The picture shows a Salvation Army Officer explaining the Way of Life to a group of young people in India



# CAN GOD BREAK THE DRUNKARD'S CHAINS?

A Former Slave to Liquor and Gambling Gives His Testimony



**H**OW glad I am that God's eyes see everywhere, and that His arm is long; that no matter how far away we may get His arm is long enough to reach even the lowest. Had it been otherwise I would not to-day be enjoying fellowship with Him.

Almost six decades spent in sin had taken me a long way down the ladder, but God in His mercy reached down and lifted me to higher levels.

I early acquired a taste for strong drink, and even as a child liked it, when given to me. While still in my teens I entered a drinking-house, hooked my elbows over the bar and in as manly a voice as I could manage, asked for a drink. I got it, and continued to get it, and from then until God took my sin-stained soul and broken body and made of them something of which I need not be ashamed, life was for me an intermittent hell on earth.

In my youth most liquor places had a dice-box and a deck of cards handy. I learned to gamble as well as drink. Between the ages of twenty and thirty a great deal of my time was spent at bars and gambling tables. In my opinion gambling is as great a curse as drink. It gets to be a fever that burns in your veins night and day. I have gone to bed at three or four

o'clock in the morning after a long hard session with cards or dice, and my closed eyes would still envision what I had gone through in the preceding hours. For many years I did not know what it was to have an untroubled, refreshing sleep.

At the age of thirty I stopped drinking and gambling and got married. It was my firm intention to live a decent life from then on, but man's strength alone is not enough to cure him of vices which had grown as strong as mine, and I had not yet learned of the saving power of Jesus Christ. True, I did not from then on drink or gamble so heavily. I would go for weeks, sometimes months without indulging, but I never had the feeling that I was finished with it. I knew that sometime or other I would drink and gamble again.

After one of the sprees my hatred of drink and disgust for my weakness in taking it would be so great that I would wish I had never been born. Also I began to realize what a sad example I was setting to the young.

I think it was at this stage that I sickened of sin, and God began to have a chance to help me. My binges became less frequent and I began to wonder if there might not be something in religion after all. God was gradually crowding me

into a corner, and I am a thankful man that He did.

One Saturday evening, nearly two years ago, I was strolling along the street and instead of passing The Salvation Army open-air meeting without even a side glance as was my habit, I stopped to listen. It was the three simple words, "God bless you," that helped to put my feet on the upward path. These, accompanied by a firm hand-clasp, were spoken to me by the Captain in charge, at the end of the meeting. I would like to say here, that only once before in sixty years of life, can I remember anyone asking God to bless me. I thought so much of it, that succeeding Saturday nights found me at the street-corner waiting for the open-air meeting, and eventually these words of blessing led me to seek Christ and become a Salvation Army Soldier, and strive to help others, even as I myself had been helped.

I have not told of my life of sin because I am proud of it, but to show those who think their plight is hopeless, that they are wrong. If God can take the sorry mess that nearly sixty years of sin had made of me, and straighten it out, then with Him nothing is impossible. What He has done for me He can do for others.—John Lomon.

## "FINDING STARS"

(Continued from page 5)

smiles." I, too, "saw the star," in that high moment of the soul when in one and the same flash of revelation I saw my sin and found my Saviour.

Until that moment I had been moving in the general direction of goodness, carried along by a kind of family momentum. There was also the compulsive power of Salvationism in the days when lads and lasses came into contact with the great characters of the first line of our Movement.

Then, on a sudden, the mighty thing happened. In the Walthamstow Citadel, listening to my dear father give an address which I heard him describe as "heavy artillery," I became sin-conscious, condemned! Then swiftly I looked from my own heart, and casting my eye upward—I "saw His Star!" I followed it. It rested above a bench called the Mercy-Seat. There I found peace.

It was much later that I heard one of my mentors cry: "Follow your own star!" I pondered his meaning without discovering it. Life was not then a problem; it was a very pleasant experience. I was unperplexed; no very clear course had opened up for me. My work was interesting, my contacts in The Army very happy indeed.

"What shall I do?" and "What shall I be?" were rather difficult questions: they would perhaps solve themselves. But one morning, quite suddenly, when on my way to "the City," I found the meaning of "Follow your own star!"; or should I say "Its meaning found me?"

Flashing across my sky I saw the sign imperative—"What is that to thee? Follow thou Me." The purpose of God came into view, raying out its message in one central point of light. It was my call! I did not choose my life work! Amos said: "The Lord took me, as I followed the flock," and like multitudes of my comrades I can say: "The Lord took me" out of the duties of my everyday occupation.

I wonder, has He come to you in like manner? "Follow the Star!"

*He wakes desires you never may forget,*

*He shows you stars you never saw before:*

*He makes you share with Him for evermore*

*The burden of the world's divine regret.*

*How wise were you to open not—and yet*

*How poor, if you should turn Him from the door!*

Then my Master gave me another golden lamp whereby to guide my service until the day is accomplished and "I climb the narrow stairway to the room overhead." It is the motto, "Counted Faithful." I cannot claim always to have lived to this standard, but I can thank God that in His goodness, He has kept that guiding star within the range of my vision.

*Oh, God, for light and sight each day,*

*For strength to do my sacred task,*

*A patient heart in my great quest*

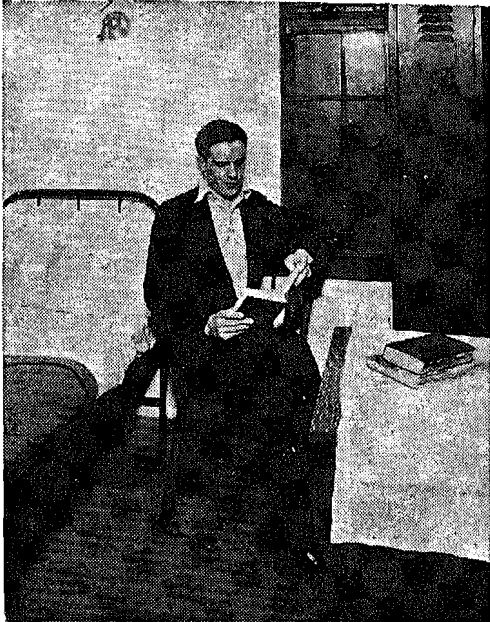
*For Truth, and Thee—and then the rest,*

*The cheaper things, were nought to me,*

*So I am gathered unto Thee.*

*"Counted Faithful."*

# Serving All Ages



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Upper: "IT'S JUST LOVELY!" A cozy room in an Eventide Home

Upper left: Cleanliness and comfort are studied in the Men's Hostels



Left: Nourishing meals are supplied to children

Below: Efficiently-trained nurses graduate from The Army's many Hospitals each year, supplying an urgent need. A number of followers of Florence Nightingale are shown proceeding happily to their Graduating Exercises





PREPARING CHRISTMAS FARE.—An old English custom re-enacted in picturesque costume

## How The Army Founder Spent Christmas

(Continued from page 7)

Officers, Soldiers and friends of The Salvation Army in Great Britain," which was printed in the Christmas issue of The War Cry. It began:

"This Christmas finds me far away. Over 7,000 miles of land and sea lie between us. My heart turns to my comrades in the Old Country. While you are taking part in the festivities of the season, feeding the hungry, comforting the desolate, and, I hope—nay, I am sure—striving to gather in the lost on British shores, I shall be proclaiming the advent of Christ, fighting the devil, and struggling to pull sinners out of the fire, in the United States."

AT Christmas-time the Founder often struggled with dejection and loneliness, especially for a year or two after the death of his beloved partner. He wrote on one occasion: "Another 'Christmas Day' has flown—who knows whether I shall see another on earth? My darling has had three Christmas Days in Heaven now. How different Christmas is without her! But God is mine—He is with me. And with Him I ought to be of Paradise possessed."

IN the role of grandfather The Army's first General was a delightful companion, adored by his grandchildren. "On the rare Christmas Days he spent at home, they used to wake him with carols, running across to his house while it was dark. But one Christmas the contents of their stockings were so wonderfully gratifying, that they lingered too long, and were presently dismayed to hear the tapping of a stick in the hall, and then stentorian tones singing, "Christians, Awake!" They hid under the bed-

clothes, to be dislodged by grandpa's stick amid a happy din of shrieks and laughter."

The Founder's eye trouble had begun to develop in 1908, and nine days before Christmas in that year the indomitable warrior was operated upon by Mr. Higgins, chief oculist of Guy's Hospital. In the journal of December 21 there is a dictated entry: "Received a kind message of sympathy from Her Majesty the Queen."

### A Good Motto

Two years later, on December 31, 1910, he wrote: "The last day of the Old Year. It has been a twelve months of uninterrupted mercy. Could I very well ask for an experience more desirable than that to which I am exhorted by Paul when he urges me, 'In everything to give thanks?' There is a motto for the year."

The shadow of his approaching illness and passing seems to be reflected in a pathetic letter he wrote to his daughter, Commander Evangeline Booth, just before Christmas, 1911: "I am very poorly. Just sitting up for a few minutes in my dressing-gown. Ever since the operation itself, waves of suffering in one form or another have ceaselessly swept over me." And a few days later he wrote to her: "This is the last day of the Old Year. All the years of my pilgrimage will soon be old years, and be gone for ever."

Before the next Christmas Day dawned, William Booth "had laid down his sword," at the age of eighty-three. So long as it seeks after and claims his spirit, The Salvation Army will remain as an imperishable monument to his life.

## Good News!

GOOD Christian men, rejoice  
With heart and soul and voice!  
Give ye heed to what we say;  
News! News! Jesus Christ is born to-day.

Ox and ass before Him bow,  
And He is in the manger now:  
Christ is born to-day.

Good Christian men, rejoice  
With heart and soul and voice!  
Now ye hear of endless bliss:  
Joy! Joy! Jesus Christ was born for this.

He hath ope'd the heavenly door  
And man is blessed for evermore.  
Christ was born for this.

Good Christian men, rejoice  
With heart and soul and voice!  
Now ye need not fear the grave:  
Peace! Peace! Jesus Christ was born to save;

Calls you one and calls you all  
To gain His everlasting hall,  
Christ was born to save.

John Mason Neale.

## CHRISTMAS CARDS

Origin of a World-wide Custom

CHRISTMAS cards were first printed in London more than ninety years ago, but did not become popular until seventy-three years ago.

The first Christmas card was only a visiting card on which was written the greeting, "A Merry Christmas," or "A Happy New Year." Snow scenes, holly branches and robins appeared later on embossed cards, probably picturing English Christmas scenery, as the robin is known in England as the Christmas bird, and also as "The Saviour's bird," because of the legend of its red breast. This bird is still seen on Christmas Cards, but not so often as formerly.

### EVERY MEAL A SACRAMENT

A MAN'S conduct ought in every particular to be religious—every meal he partakes of should be a sacrament, and every thought and deed a service done to God.

William Booth.

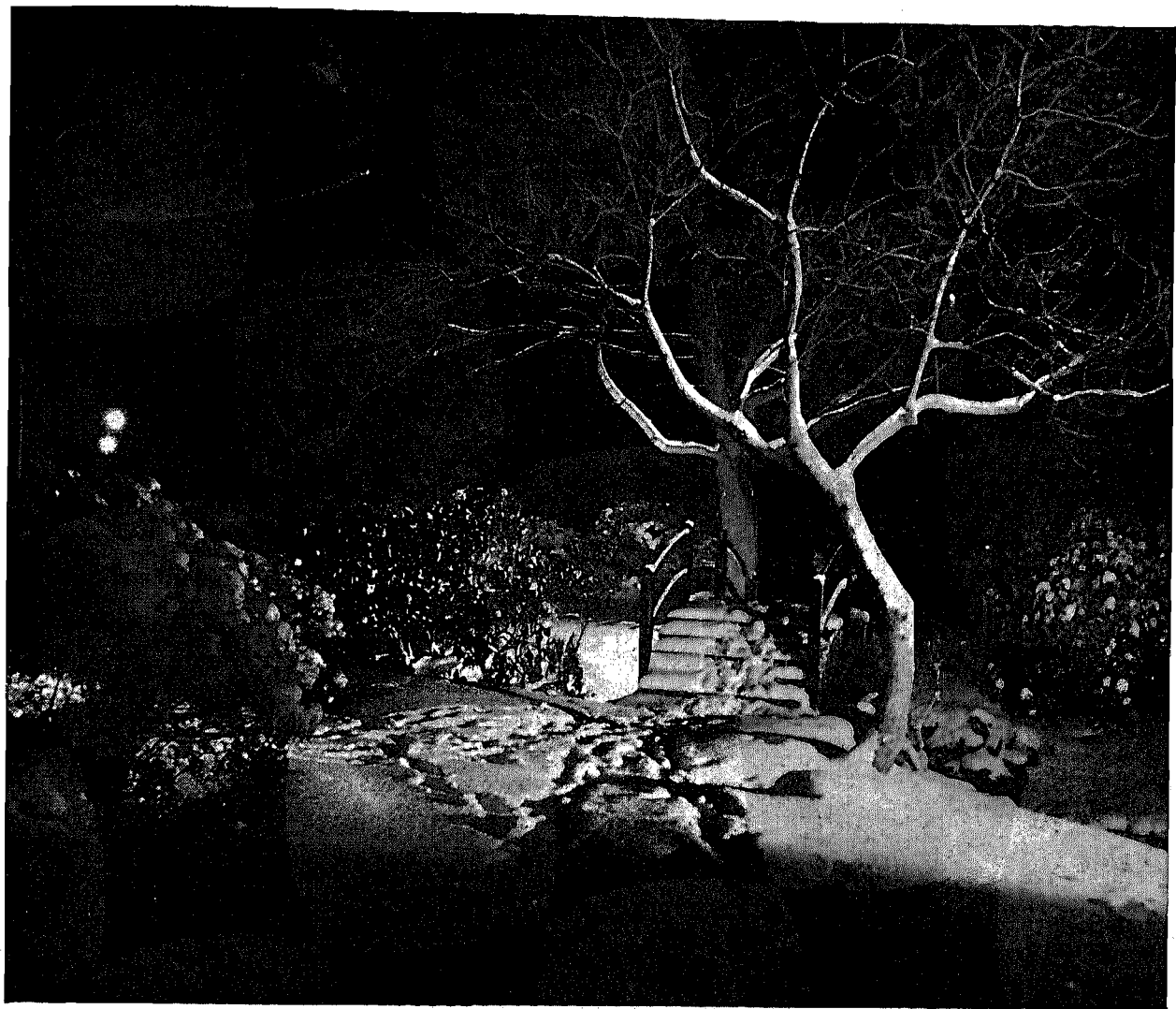
## CHRISTMASTIDE IN A CITY OF INDIA

(Continued from page 27)

sparkling eyes, and white teeth, as they laugh and chatter, holding tight their treasures.

After Christmas these folk trek back to their villages, away from the whirl and excitement of modern city life. Where the trusting oxen plough the fields, as they have done for centuries. They will rise early and work late day after day; the children will be out in the fields minding the goats and buffalos; or gathering firewood for the evening meal, while the mothers milk the cows, clean the rice and see that a good meal is prepared for the evening. Around the village well will be recounted the story of their visit to the city.





"WHEN THE SNOW LAY AROUND ABOUT"

## SOME CAROL CURIOSITIES

**J**OHN BYRON who wrote "Christians, awake! salute the happy morn," was the inventor of shorthand in England.

Franz Gruber, who composed the music for "Silent Night," made his arrangement for a guitar accompaniment because the rats had eaten away the bellows of the organ in the church in Oberdorf, Austria, where he was the choir director.

Charles Wesley, the author of "Hark! the herald angels sing," wrote more than six thousand hymns, and the tune of Mendelssohn, to which his carol is now sung was not adapted to the words until the poem was over one hundred years old.

No one knows definitely who wrote the words and music for "The First Nowell," though it was first printed in a collection, "Christmas Carols Ancient and Modern," which came out in England in 1833.

The first known Christmas carol was "Shepherd of tender youth," written in Latin by Clement of Alexandria early in the third century and rendered into English by Rev. Henry M. Dexter, a Congre-

gational minister in Manchester, New Hampshire, in 1846.

Isaac Watts, who wrote "Joy to the world," was invited to spend a week at the country home of a Lord Mayor of London and made himself so popular that he stayed on there as a guest for thirty-seven years, producing more than five hundred hymns in his lifetime.

James Montgomery, who wrote two well known Christmas hymns, "Hail to the Lord's anointed" and "Angels from the realms of glory," had an exciting career as an English newspaper editor and was three times put in jail for speaking his mind in print.

Nahum Tate, the author of "While shepherds watched their flocks by night," was once regarded as one of England's greatest poets, and held the office of Poet Laureate under three successive sovereigns, King William, Queen Mary, and Queen Anne, but is now remembered only for this particular Christmas hymn.

William C. Dix, the author of "As with gladness men of old," was a successful English business man, and held for many

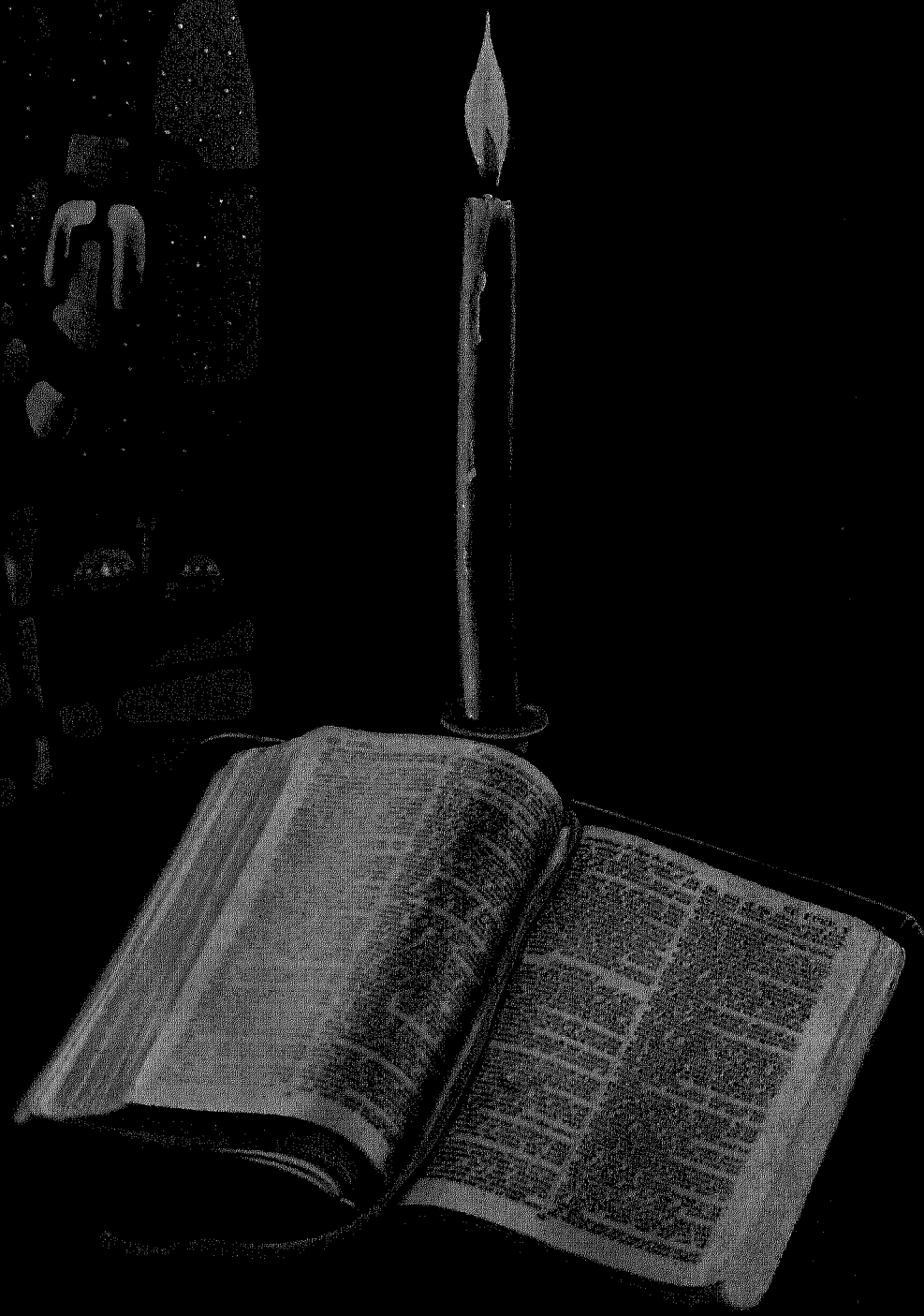
years the position of manager of a marine insurance company in Glasgow.

Dr. John Mason Neale, who translated "Good Christian men, rejoice" from an old Latin carol, was out of favor with his Church of England superiors so that he was given an obscure post as warden of the East Grinstead almshouse, at a salary of one hundred and twenty-five dollars a year, but there used his spare time to delve among old Greek and Latin hymns of the early Christian church, turning out memorable English versions that are now found in every hymnal.

Christina G. Rossetti, the author of "In the bleak midwinter," was the daughter of a famous Italian exile in London, and was the subject of many of the paintings of her artist-brother, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who was also a famous poet.

Nobody knows who wrote either the words or music of "O come, all ye faithful," though it is supposed to have been sung in the private chapels which many rich families had attached to their homes in both France and England during the eighteenth century.

The  
Christmas  
Story



The Christmas War Cry, 1946